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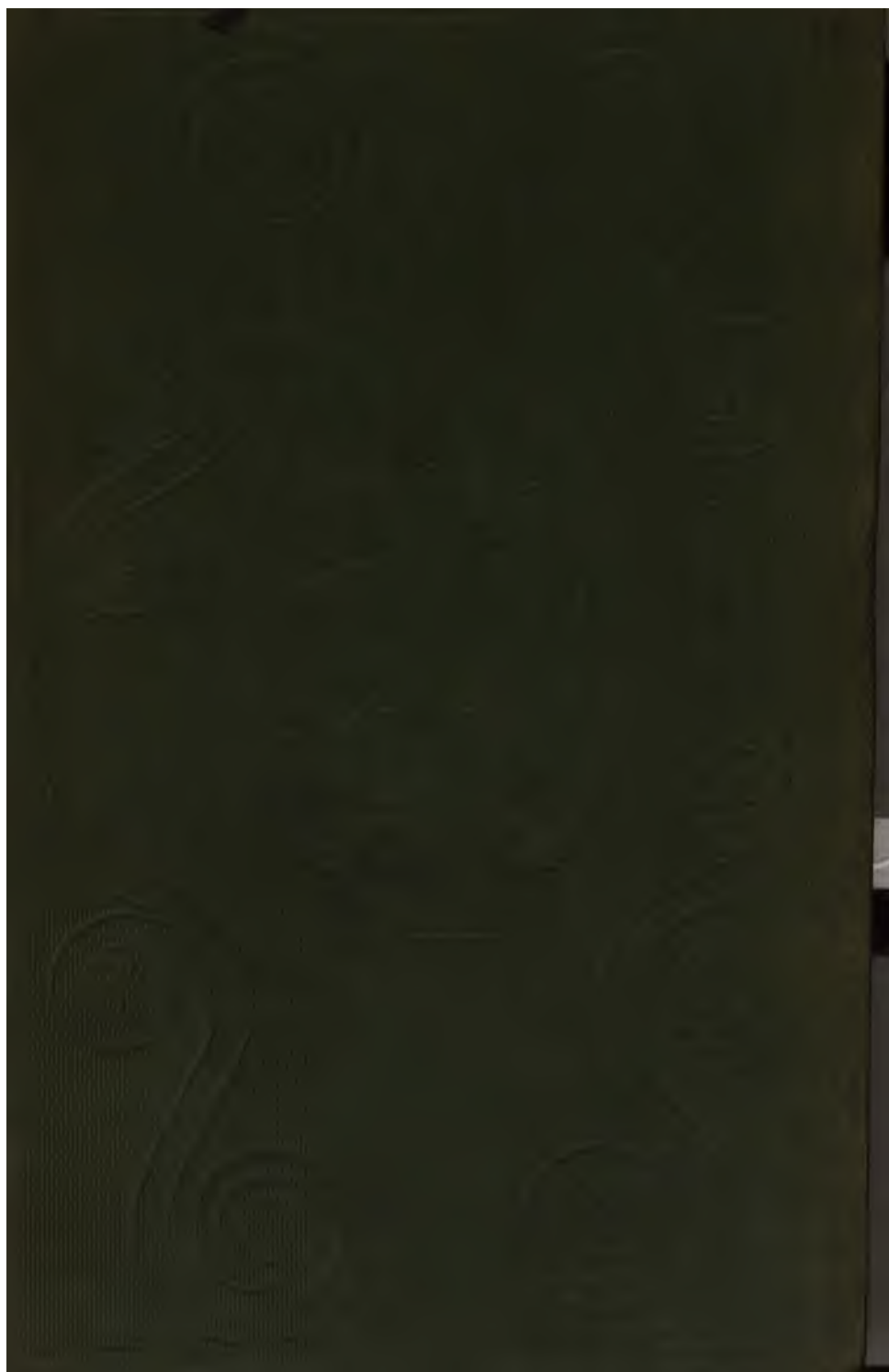
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THE
BOOK OF SONNETS.

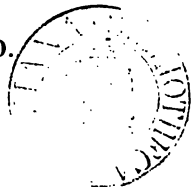
"Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned
Mindless of its just honours; with this Key
Shakespere unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small Lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this Pipe did Tasso sound;
Camöens soothed with it an Exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm Lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from faery-land,
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a Trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains--alas, too few!"

WORDSWORTH.

"Sundrie Flowers, bound up in one small Poëie; gathered partly in fyne out-
ndish gardens; and partly out of our owne suitefull orchardes in Englande."

TITLE OF AN OLD BOOK OF POEMS.

EDITED BY A. MONTAGU WOODFORD.



LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.
1841.

581.

LONDON:
BLATCH AND LAMPERT, PRINTERS, GROVE PLACE, BROMPTON.

TO
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQUIRE,
This Volume
OF
THE BOOK OF SONNETS
IS BY HIS KIND PERMISSION DEDICATED,
WITH
SENTIMENTS OF THE MOST UNFEIGNED ADMIRATION AND RESPECT,
BY HIS
GRATEFUL AND OBLIGED SERVANT,
THE EDITOR.

P R E F A C E.

A FEW brief observations may be deemed necessary to explain why I intrude on the notice of the Public a Selection from the ancient and modern Poets, in addition to the many that have already appeared. I am not aware that so large a Selection of Sonnets alone, has ever been brought before the reading world: and when it is considered that our first and noblest Poets have solaced themselves in this elegant style of composition, I flatter myself with the pleasing hope that the present selections may be found worthy of the regard of all true lovers of Poetry, and may prove an acceptable service to the general

reader, in bringing forward to their admiration the beautiful but neglected Sonnets of Wiat, Surry, Sidney, Drayton, Daniel, Wither, Habington, and Drummond. A short biographical sketch has been prefixed to most of the Poets, with the exception of those from whom a few have been selected, rendering such a sketch unnecessary.

A few translations from the Italian Poets will not, it is hoped, be deemed out of place in this volume: more of Petrarch's will be found than those of any other, as he may justly be said to have been the model of our first English Sonnet writers, Wiat and Surry. They are, with the exception of six, taken from anonymous translators. The exceptions, including the one from Manfredi, are translated by a friend, who will not permit her name to appear; but who I hope will allow me to express my warmest thanks here, for her kindness, in permitting their appearance, as well as for the assistance she has afforded me in the compilation of this volume.

I am much indebted to Dr. Stebbing, for his kindness in allowing his translations of Dante to appear, as well as to Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Bowles,

Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Rogers, and Mrs. Southey, who have all kindly allowed me to make extracts from their writings. To others, also, whose names do not appear, I return my best thanks. I have much pleasure in acknowledging the condescending permission of the Marquis of Northampton, to extract his Sonnet on Memory, from "The Tribute." To the Rev. Charles Strong I return many thanks, who so kindly presented me with a volume of his elegant sonnets.

Dart Cottage, Devon,
April 18th, 1841.

INTRODUCTION.

FROM the garden of Europe, the fruitful and poetic Italy, we are universally allowed to have first received that elegant and popular form of composition, known as the Sonnet; and to increase acquaintance with, and admiration of which, is the object of this volume. In no country has this elegant style of composition been more studied or carried to higher perfection.

Of the Italian Sonnet Mr. Roscoe observes, (in his *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*,) “ It is a species of composition almost cœval with the language itself; and may be traced back to that period when the Latin tongue, corrupted by the vulgar pronunciation, and intermixed with

the idioms of the different nations that from time to time overran Italy, degenerated into what was called the *lingua volgare*; which language, though at first rude and unpolished, was by successive exertions reduced to a regular and determinate standard, and obtained at length a superiority over the Latin, not only in common use, but in the written compositions of the learned. The form of the Sonnet, confined to a certain versification, and to a certain number of lines, was unknown to the Roman poets, who adopting a legitimate measure, employed it as long as the subject required it, but was probably derived from the Provençals; although instances of the regular stanza, now used in these compositions, may be traced among the Italians, as early as the thirteenth century. From that time to the present, the Sonnet has retained its precise form, and has been the most favourite mode of composition in the Italian tongue."

The confined limits of the Sonnet renders the judicious selection of a subject of appropriate length one of the chief merits in this art. Mr. Roscoe considers that from this circumstance, "these compositions display rather the glitter of wit, than the fire of genius;" as also that they have been chiefly appropriated to illustrate the passion of Love. The early writers of Sonnets, both in the Italian

and [in our own language, undoubtedly confine them mostly to this subject; and with our Poets, it is not surprising; admiration of the Sonnets of Petrarch having first led to the attempt of similar compositions by Henry Howard, Earl of Surry, and Sir Thomas Wiat; but that it is not of necessity the sole object suitable to that style, our later poets have given convincing proof. Petrarch has often the honour of being considered the first composer of the Sonnet; but this manifestly could not have been the case, as we find a considerable number of these compositions in the *Vita Nuova* of the immortal Dante, all devoted to the praises of his Beatrice, who, whether she were the daughter of Folco Portinari, or but the offspring of the Poet's imagination, (a subject of so much doubt among commentators,) will ever be associated with the name of Dante. One cannot but agree with Mr. Stebbing,* who mentions in a brief but interesting manner the first meeting of the youthful lovers, both about the age of nine years.

Dr. Warton, however, gives the invention of the Sonnet to a poet of anterior date, Guitton d'Arezzo, a famous monk, in 1299, to whom also is attributed, with Franco of

* See the Rev. Henry Stebbing's *Lives of the Italian Poets*, vol. i. p. 8.

Cologne, the discovery of counterpoint, and to whom we are indebted for our present system of musical notation; he appears to have been in the zenith of his popularity, while Dante was yet a youth. He is mentioned by Petrarch, in the *Trionfo d'Amore*, with others.

“ Ecco Dante, e Beatrice: ecco Selvagia,
Ecco Cin da Pistoja; Guittone d'Arezzo;
Ecco i due Gualdi che già juro in prezzo,
Onesto Bolognese, e i Siciliani.”

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, “the celebrated Pietro Bembo attempted again to introduce the style of Petrarch; but his Sonnets, though correct and chaste, are too often formal and insipid. Those of Casa, formed upon the same model, possess much more ease, and a greater flow of sentiment. Succeeding authors united the correctness of Petrarch with the bolder colouring of Lorenzo; and in the works of Ariosto, the two Tassos, Costanzo, Tansillo and Guarini, the poetry of Italy attained its highest degree of perfection.”

The Italians consider the Sonnet as the most beautiful style of poetry they have, and their passion for this species of composition, far from becoming less, has only been strengthened: whilst in France, where the same taste reigned for a time, the Sonnet has quite passed

away. Pasquier, a man of letters, celebrated for his learning and research about the year 1528, observes that Joachim du Bellay, who excelled particularly in the Sonnet, was the first who introduced that style of poetry into France. But Du Bellay himself says that Merlin de S. Galois first converted the Italian sonnet into French.

“The Sonnet is always comprised in fourteen lines, as the old madrigal must be under or not exceeding twelve. The Sonnet is divided in Italian rules into two quatrains and two triplets—the quatrains, which form the eight first lines, ought to be upon two rhymes, which may be disposed in three different ways. In the first, which is the most used, the first line rhymes with the fourth, fifth, and eighth; the second line with the third, sixth, and seventh. In the second way, the first line rhymes with the third, fifth, and seventh; the second line with the fourth, sixth, and eighth. In the third way the first line rhymes with the third, sixth and eighth; the second line with the fourth, fifth, and seventh. In the six lines, in two triplets, there are also three sorts of arrangement, which all differ from that observed in the French Sonnet. Either the three lines of the first triplet are on three different rhymes, which have their respective correspondents in the three lines of the second triplet in whatever

order is chosen—or, of these six lines, the first rhymes with the third and fifth; and the second with the fourth and sixth; or lastly, the first rhymes with the third, fourth, and sixth, and the second alone with the fifth. The Sonnet is, as has been said, but of fourteen lines; but, in the burlesque style, it may be lengthened, and is then called *Sonnetto colla coda*—or Sonnet with a tail.”

The peculiar construction of the Sonnet is more adapted to the Italian than to the English, on account of the numerous similar terminations in the former language, and this, which peculiarly fits it for the language of the first inventors, renders a strict adherence to its forms very difficult in our own tongue. From this circumstance, the first of our English Sonnet-writers have, in a great measure, disregarded the peculiar construction, and contented themselves with keeping within the prescribed number of lines, and closing with a couplet, which is not essential.

The first attempt at this style of composition in England may be attributed to Henry Howard, Earl of Surry, and Sir Thomas Wiat, the Elder,—the former has been justly styled “the restorer of modern English poetry.”

That quaint old author, Puttenham, observes: “In the latter end of Henry the Eighth’s reign sprang up a new

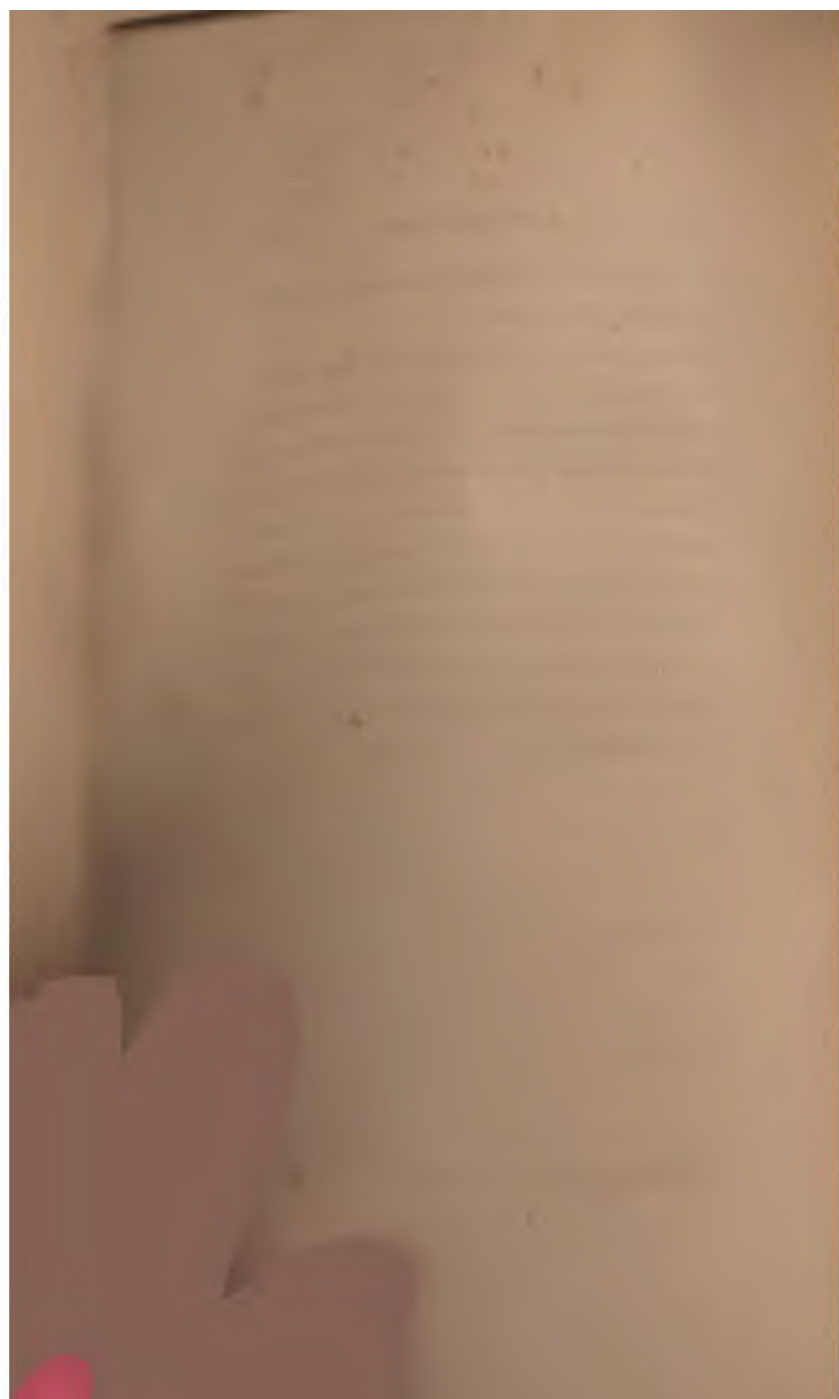
company of courtely makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wiat, the Elder, and Henry Earl of Surry, were the two chieftains, who having travelled into Italy, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poesie, as novices newly crept out of the schools of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie, from that it had been before, and for that cause may justly be said the first reformers of our English metre and style. Henry Earl of Surry and Sir Thomas Wiat, between whom I find very little difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief Lanterns of light to all others that have since employed their pens upon English poesie; their conceits were lofty, their styles stately, their conveyance cleanly, their terms proper, their metre sweet and well-proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and studiously their master, Francis Petrarcha." In this Surry had the advantage over his friend, inasmuch as while copying from the Italian, his good taste and judgment led him to confine himself to the beauties, rejecting the faults of his model. Sir Thomas Wiat was not so successful, being caught equally by the beauties and faults of the Italian. "The metre sweet and well-proportioned" is more merited by the poems of Surry than those of Wiat.

Dr. Henry, among more modern authors, gives the same favourable opinion upon the Earl of Surry. "Poetry revived in England under Henry the Eighth, and was cultivated by his courtiers as a vehicle of gallantry; but by none more than the brave but unfortunate Surry, who had taste to relish the Italian poets, and judgment to reject their affected, though splendid conceits. His Sonnets were once celebrated, but are now neglected; unjustly neglected, for their merit is considerable, and their influence imparted a new character to English poetry. Surry was inspired by a genuine passion, and his Sonnets breathe the unaffected dictates of nature and love. Tenderness predominates in the sentiment, ease and elegance distinguish the language. From these Sonnets, the earliest specimens of a polished diction and refined sensibility, succeeding poets discovered the capacity and secret powers of the English tongue. They are not numerous, though sufficient to effect a reformation in poetry, nor discriminated always from the Sonnets of others; but amongst those, the authenticity of which is certain, the complaint uttered in confinement at Windsor, touches irresistibly the heart with woe."

Of the individuals who were celebrated by our earlier Sonnet-writers, all that is known has been inserted in the

brief biographical notices which will be found prefaced to the Sonnets of each poet.

Milton was the first who composed his Sonnets strictly after the Italian model. After his time the composition of the sonnet may be said to have been almost abandoned till the middle of the eighteenth century, when Thomas Edwards, author of the celebrated work, "Canons of Criticism," revived it. Since then the taste for Italian poetry having revived, this mode of composition has been adopted at times by nearly all our distinguished modern poets. But by none more successfully than Mr. Wordsworth, who has raised it to the highest state of perfection in our language.



SIR THOMAS WIAT,

was born at Allington Castle, Kent, in the year 1503. He was entered of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1515, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, in 1518, and Master of Arts in 1520. Shortly afterwards he married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Brooke, Lord Cobham. His personal accomplishments recommended him to the favour of Henry the Eighth, who frequently employed him on foreign missions. He lost the confidence of Henry on suspicion of too strong an attachment to the hapless Anne Boleyn, though but for a time, as we find that he received the honour of knighthood on Easter Day, the 16th of April, 1536. Wiat died early of a malignant fever, at Sherborne, on his way to Falmouth, at the command of Henry, to meet Ambassadors from Charles the Fifth. An intimate friend, living in the neighbourhood of that town, hastened to him, but his kindness proved unavailing. After lingering a few days, his constitution gave way, and he expired on the 10th or 11th of October, 1542, in his thirty-ninth year. He was buried in the family vault of the same friend, whose name was Horsey, in the great church of Sherborne, but no inscription marks the place of his interment.

Of the object of the productions of Sir Thomas Wiat's muse, little can be advanced with certainty. Many of his poems are thought to have been addressed to the unfortunate Anna Boleyn, who has been supposed to have been the object of an attachment on his part, but with what degree of truth is doubtful. In that chivalrous age a beautiful and unfortunate woman could not fail to excite the strongest admiration and compassion, and Sir Thomas Wiat's feelings may have been of this character. There are, however, some of his poems, which, if the supposition that they referred to Anna Boleyn, be correct, are sufficient to warrant the idea that some feeling warmer than pity animated the bosom of the gallant knight. In one little poem, he speaks of his love called Anna; and two of his sonnets are generally considered to allude to his royal mistress. Of the one commencing

"Whoso list to hunt? I know where is an hind!"

she is evidently the subject. The manner, however, in which he there speaks of her, has been stated to be quite inconsistent with the feelings of a lover. In answer to this, it may be observed, that as in the heading of it, he renounces his relinquishment of the pursuit of the lady's favour, it may have been but a tone of playfulness, assumed to conceal deeper feelings than could with safety have been avowed, in the relative position of the parties, even under the garb of poetry, the common vehicle of gallantry in those days. The other sonnet, an exhortation, wherein "The lover unhappy biddeth happy lovers rejoice in May, while He waileth that month to him most unlucky," is supposed to refer to the unfortunate queen having suffered in that month, in consequence of accusations, in which an attempt was certainly made to implicate Wiat.

THE longe love that in my thoughte I harbour,
 And in my hearte doth keepe his residence,
 Into my face presseth with bolde pretence,
 And there campeth displaying his banner.
 She that me learnes to love and to suffer,
 And wills that my truste, and love's negligence
 Be reined by reasone, shame, and reverence,
 With his hardiness takes displeasure.
 Wherewith love to the heart's forest he fleeth,
 Leaving his enterprize with paine and cry,
 And there him hideth, and not appeareth.
 What may I do, when my master feareth,
 But in the felde with him to live and die ?
 For goode is the life, ending faithfully.

YET was I never of your love aggrieved,
 Nor never shall while that my life doth laste :
 But of hating myself, that date is past ;
 And teares continual sore have me wearied :
 I will not yet in my grave be buried ;
 Nor on my tombe your name have fixed faste,
 As cruel cause, that did the spirit soon haste
 From the unhappy bones, by greate sighs stirred.
 Then if a heart of amorous faith and will
 Contente your minde withouten doing grief ;
 Please it you so to this to do relief :
 If otherwise you seeke for to fulfil
 Your wrathe, you err, and shall not as you ween ;
 And you yourself the cause thereof have beene.

THE lively sparkes that issue from those eyes,
 Against the which there vailleth no defence,
 Have pierced my hearte, and done it no offence,
 With quaking pleasure more than once or twice.
 Was never man coulde any thinge devise,
 Sunbeams to turn with so greate vehemence
 To daze man's sighte, as by their brighte presence
 Dazed am I ; much like unto the guise
 Of one stricken with dinte of lightning,
 Blinde with the stroke, and crying here and there ;
 So calle I for helpe, I note when nor where,
 The paine of my falle patiently bearing ;
 For straighte after the blaze, as is no wonder,
 Of deadly noise hear I the fearful thunder.

SUCH vaine thought as wonted to misleade me,
 In deserte hope, by well assured moane,
 Makes me from company to live alone,
 In following her whom reason bids me flee.
 And after her my hearte woulde fain be gone,
 But armed sighs my way do stop anon,
 'Twixt hope and dreade locking my liberty ;
 So fleeth she by gentle cruelty.
 Yet as I guess, under disdainful brow
 One beame of ruth is in her cloudy looke :
 Which comfortes the minde, that erst for feare shooke ;
 That bolded the way straighte ; then seeke I how
 To utter forthe the smarte I bide within :
 But suche it is, I note how to beginne.

HAPPY LOVERS REJOICE IN MAY WHILE HE WAILETH THAT
MONTH TO HIM MOST UNLUCKY.

YE that in love finde lucke and sweete abundance,
And live in love of joyful jollity,
Arise for shame, do way our sluggardy :
Arise, I say, doe May some observance.
Let me in bed lie dreaming in mischance ;
Let me remember my mishaps unhappy,
That me betide in May moste commonly ;
As one whom love liste little to advance.
Stephan saide true, that my nativity
Mischanced was with the ruler of May.
He guessed (I prove) of that the verity.
In May my wealthe, and eke my wits, I say,
Have stonde so oft in suche perplexity :
Joy ; let me dreame of youre felicity.

CONFESSION OF LOVE TO PHYLLIS.

If waker care ; if suddene pale coloure ;
If many sighes with little speeche to plaine :
Now joy, now woe, if they my cheere distaine ;
For hope of smalle, if muche to feare therefore ;
To haste or slacke, my pace to less or more ;
Be signe of love, then doe I love againe.
If thou aske whom ; sure, since I did refraine
Brunet, that set my wealthe in such a roare,
Th' unfeigned cheere of Phyllis hath the place
That Brunet had ; she hath, and ever shall.
She from myselfe now hath me in her grace ;
She hath in hande my wit, my wille, and alle.
My hearte alone well worthy she doth stay,
Without whose helpe scante doe I live a day.

THE LOVER PERISHETH IN HIS DELIGHT AS THE FLY IN THE
FIRE.

SOME birdes there be that have so perfecte sighte,
 Againste the sun their eyes for to defende;
 And some, because the lighte doth them offende,
 Never appeare but in the darke or night;
 Other rejoyce to see the fire so brighte,
 And ween to play in it, as they pretende,
 But finde contrary of it, that they intend.
 Alas! of that sorte may I be by righte;
 For to withstande her looke I am not able;
 Yet can I not hide me in no darke place;
 So followeth me remembrance of that face,
 That with my tearye-eyen, swoln and unstable,
 My destiny to beholde her doth me leade,
 And yet I knowe I run into the gleade.

BECAUSE I still kepte thee fro' lies and blame,
 And to my power alwaies thee honoured,
 Unkinde tongue! to ill hast thou me rendered,
 For such deserte to do me wreke and shame.
 In neede of succoure most when that I am,
 To aske reward, thou standest like one afraide:
 Alwaie moste colde, and if one worde be saide,
 As in a dreame, imperfecte is the same.
 And ye salte teares, againste my will eache nighte
 That are with me, when I woulde be alone;
 Then are ye gone when I should make my moane:
 And ye so ready sighes to make me shrigh't,
 Then are ye slacke when that ye shoulde outstarte;
 And only doth my looke declare my hearte.

I FIND no peace, and all my war is done ;
 I fear and hope, I burn, and freeze like ice ;
 I fly alofte, yet can I not arise ;
 And noughte I have, and all the worlde I seize on,
 That lockes nor loseth, holdeth me in prisone,
 And holdes me not, yet can I scape no wise :
 Nor letteth me live, nor die, at my devise,
 And yet of deathe it giveth me occasion.
 Without eye I see ; without tongue I plaine :
 I wish to perish, yet I aske for healthe ;
 I love another, and I hate myselfe ;
 I feede me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.
 Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,
 And my delighte is causer of this strife.

A LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE TO A SHIP IN A STORM.

My galley charged with forgetfulness,
 Through sharpe seas, in winter nightes, doth pass
 'Tween rock and rock ; and eke my foe, alas,
 That is my lord, steereth with cruelness :
 And every houre, a thoughte in readiness,
 As though that deathe were lighte in such a case.
 An endless winde doth tear the sail apace,
 Of forced sighs and trusty fearfulness ;
 A raine of teares, a cloude of darke disdaine,
 Have done the wearied cords great hinderance ;
 Wreathed with error, and with ignorance ;
 The stars be hid that lead me to this paine :
 Drowned is reasone that shoulde be my comfote,
 And I remaine, despairing of the porte.

OF DOUBTFUL LOVE.

ARISING the bright beams of those faire eyes,
Where he abides that mine oft moistens and washeth ;
The wearied minde straighte from the hearte departeth,
To rest within his wordly paradise,
And bitter findes the sweet, under his guise.
What webs there he hath wroughte, well he perceiveth :
Whereby then with himself on love he plaineth,
That spurs with fire, and bridleth eke with ice.
In such extremity thus is he broughte :
Frozen now colde, and now he standes in flame :
'Twixt woe and wealthe, betwixt earnest and game,
With seldom glad, and many a diverse thought,
In sore repentance of his hardiness,
Of such a root, lo, cometh fruit fruitless.

THE LOVER ABUSED, RENOUNCETH LOVE.

MY love to scorne, my service to retaine,
Therein, methoughte you used crueltie ;
Since with good will, I loste my libertie,
To followe her which causeth all my paine.
Might never woe yet cause me to refraine ;
But only this, which is extremitie,
To give me noughte, alas, nor to agree.
That, as I was, your man I mighte remaine :
But since that thus ye list to order me,
That woulde have been your servant true and faste :
Displease you not, my doting time is past ;
And with my loss to leave I must agree :
For as there is a certain time to rage,
So is there time such madness to assuage.

EVER my hap is slack and slow in coming,
Desire increasing, aye my hope uncertaine
With doubtful love, that but increaseth pain;
For, tiger like, so swift it is in parting.
Alas! the snow black shall it be and scalding,
The sea waterless, and fish upon the mountaine,
The Thames shall backe return unto his fountaine,
And where he rose the sun shall take lodging,
Ere I in this find peace or quietness;
Or that love, or my Ladye, right wisely,
Leave to conspire against me wrongfully.
And if I have after such bitterness,
 One drop of sweet, my mouth is oute of taste,
 That all my truste and travaile is but waste.

Love, Fortune, and my minde, which doe remember
Eke that is now, and that, that once hath beene,
Torment my hearte so sore, that very often
I hate and envie them beyond all measure.
Love slayeth mine heart, while Fortune is depriver
Of all my comforte; the foolish mind then
Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seldome
Liveth in rest. So still in displeasure
My pleasant days they fleet and pass;
And daily doth mine ill change to the worse:
While more than half is run now of my course.
Alas, not of steel, but of brittle glass,
 I see that from my hand falleth my trust,
 And all my thoughts are dashed into dust.

A LOVER PRAYETH HIS OFFERED HEART TO BE RECEIVED.

How ofte have I, my deare and cruel foe,
 With my greate paine to get some peace or truce,
 Given you my hearte ; but you do not use
 In so high thinges, to cast your mind so low.
 If any other look for it, as you throw,
 Their vain weak hope doth greatly them abuse :
 And that thus I disdain, that you refuse ;
 It was once mine, it can no more be so.
 If you it chafe, then it in you can finde,
 In this exile, no manner of comforte,
 Nor live alone, nor where he is called resort ;
 He may wander from his natural kinde.
 So shall it be greate hurte unto us twain,
 And yours the loss, and mine the deadly paine.

A LOVER'S LIFE COMPARED TO THE ALPS.

Like unto these unmeasureable mountaines
 So is my painful life, the burden of ire ;
 For high be they, and high is my desire ;
 And I of tears, and they be full of fountaines :
 Under craggy rocks they have barren plaines ;
 Harde thoughtes in me my woful minde doth tire :
 Small fruit and many leaves their tops do attire,
 With small effect great trust in me remains :
 The boisterous winds oft their high boughs do blast ;
 Hot sighs in me continually be shed :
 Wild beasts in them, fierce love in me is fed ;
 Unmovable am I, and they stedfast.
 Of singing birds they have the tune and note ;
 And I alwaies plaintes passing through my throat.

CHARGING HIS LADYE AS UNPITEROUS.

If amorous faith, or if a hearte unfeigned,
 A sweete languor, a greate lovely desire,
 If honeste will kindled in gentle fire,
 If long error in a blinde maze chained,
 If in my visage each thought distained,
 Or if my sparkling voice, lower, or higher,
 Which feare and shame so woefully doth tire ;
 If pale coloure, which love, alas, hath stained,
 If to have another than myselfe more dear,
 If wailing or sighing continually,
 With sorrowful anger feeding busily,
 If burning far off, and if freezing neare,
 Are cause that I by love myself destroy,
 Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

My hearte I gave thee, not to doe it paine,
 But to preserve, lo, it to thee was taken.
 I served thee, not that I shoulde be forsaken ;
 But, that I should receive rewarde againe,
 I was content thy servante to remaine ;
 And not to be repayed on this fashion.
 Now, since in thee there is none other reasone,
 Displease thee not, if that I doe refraine.
 Unsatiat of my woe, and thy desire ;
 Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault :
 But, since it pleaseth thee to feign default,
 Farewell, I say, departing from the fire.
 For he that doth believe, bearing in hande,
 Plougheth in the water, and soweth in the sande.

A LOVER RELINQUISHETH THE PURSUIT.

Whoso list to hunte? I knowe where is an hinde!
But as for me, alas! I may no more,
The vaine travaile hath wearied me so sore;
I am of them that furthest come behinde.
Yet may I by no meanes my wearied minde
Draw from the deer; but as she fleeth afore
Fainting I follow: I leave off therefore,
Since in a net I seeke to holde the winde.
Who list her hunte, I put him oute of doubt,
As well as I, may spende his time in vaine!
And graven with diamonds in letters plain,
There is written her fair neck rounde aboute;
 'Noli me tangere; for Cæsar's I am,
 And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.'

HOPE UNSATISFIED IS A PROLONGED DEATH.

I ABIDE, and abide; and better abide,
After the olde proverbe the happy day.
And ever my Ladye to me doth say,
 'Let me alone, and I will provide.'
I abide and abide, and tarry the tide,
And with abiding speed well ye may.
Thus doe I abide I wot alway.
N' other obtaining, nor yet denied.
Aye me! this long abiding
Seemeth to me, as who sayeth
A prolonging of a dying death,
Or a refusing of a desired thing.
 Much were it better for to be plaine,
 Than to say 'Abide,' and yet not obtain.

HE PRAYETH HIS LADY TO BE TRUE.

THOUGH I myselfe be bridled of my minde,
 Returning me backwarde by force express;
 If thou seek honoure, to keep thy promess,
 Who may thee holde, but thou thyselfe unbind?
 Sigh then no more, since no way man may find
 Thy virtue to let, though that frowardness
 Of Fortune me holdeth; and yet as I may guess
 Though other be present thou art not all behinde.
 Suffice it then that thou be ready there
 At all hours; still under the defence
 Of Time, Truth, and Love to save thee from offence.
 Crying I burn in a lovely desire,
 With my dear Mistress that may not follow;
 Whereby mine absence turneth me to sorrow.

A LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS RESTLESS STATE.

THE flaming sighs that boil within my breaste,
 Sometime breake forthe, and they can well declare
 The heart's unrest, and how that it doth fare,
 The paine thereof, the grief, and all the reste.
 The watered eyen from whence the teares doe fall,
 Do feel some force, or else they would be dry;
 The wasted flesh of coloure dead can try,
 And sometime tell what sweetness is in gall:
 And he that luste to see, and to discern
 How care can force within a wearied minde,
 Come he to me, I am that place assigned:
 But for all this, no force, it doth no harm;
 The wound, alas! hap in some other place,
 From whence no tool away the scar can raze.

CONTINUATION.

BUT you, that of such like have had your part,
Can best be judge. Wherefore, my friend so deare,
I thoughte it goode my state shoulde now appeare
To you, and that there is no great desert.
And whereas you, in weighty matters great,
Of fortune saw the shadow that you knowe,
For trifling things I now am stricken so,
That though I feel my hearte doth wounde and beate,
I sit alone, save on the second day
My fever comes, with whom I spende my time
In burning heate, while that she list assign.
And who hath healthe and libertie alway,
Let him thank God, and let him not provoke,
To have the like of this, my painful stroke.

LAMENT ON THE DEATH OF HIS LADYE.

THE pillar perished is, whereto I leant,
The strongest stay of mine unquiet minde;
The like of it no man againe can finde,
From east to west still seeking though he went,
To mine unhap. For hap away hath rent
Of all my joy the very barke and rinde:
And I, alas! by chance am thus assigned
Daily to mourne, till death doe it relent.
But since that thus it is by destiny,
What can I more but have a woeful heart;e;
My pen in plainte, my voice in careful cry,
My minde in woe, my body full of smarte;
And I myself, myself always to hate,
Till dreadful death doe ease by doleful state.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY,

was son of Thomas, third Duke of Norfolk, by his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham. The exact date of his birth is not known; but may be assigned to some time between 1516 and 1518; nor has it been decided where it occurred, though many circumstances render it probable that Framlingham, in Suffolk, was the place. His youth was passed at Windsor, where he formed a friendship with the young Duke of Richmond, natural son of Henry the Eighth, which continued till his friend's death, shortly after his marriage with Lady Mary Howard, Surrey's only sister, at the early age of seventeen. Surrey married when not more than sixteen, Frances Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, and fell a victim to the jealousy of the despotic Henry, while in the summer of his existence. He was executed on Tower Hill the 21st of January, 1547. The tyrant survived his victim but a few days, and his memory has been as much execrated as Surrey's has been revered.

The fair Geraldine, whom Surrey celebrated in his poems, and whose name is indissolubly connected with that of the noble poet, was Elizabeth, daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, and afterwards wife, first to Sir Anthony Brown, and secondly, to Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln. Whether Surrey's passion for this lady was real, or but an imaginary or poetical one, is of little importance; though it has been so fertile a subject of dispute among his biographers and admirers. From the circumstance of Surrey's not being more than sixteen at the time of his marriage, there is nothing improbable, but rather the reverse, in the supposition, that when grown to man's estate, he might prefer another to the wife that had been doubtless selected for him by his family. The difference of twelve years between his age and that of the fair Geraldine, would have been no impediment. It is true we do not hear of any estrangement between him and his Countess; one of his poems has rather been considered as bearing marks of genuine affection for her, though the authority there is for asserting the poem in question to have had reference to her is uncertain. But allowing this to be the case, we know nothing of the date on which it was written; and it appears by no means incompatible that Surrey should at one period of his life have entertained a genuine passion for Geraldine, though aware of the impossibility, from his previous marriage, of his winning her. In the concluding line of a Sonnet, which can by no possible torturing be made to refer to any one else, he seems to admit this.

"Happy is he that can obtain her love!"

Which certainly warrants the inference that he himself had no hope of doing so.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

THE soote season, that bud and bloome forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale.
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
Somer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he slings;
The fishes flete with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flinges;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mingles;
Winter is worn that was the flowers bale.

And thus I see among these pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs!

A LOVER REBUKED.

LOVE, that liveth and reigneth in my thought,
That built his seat within my captive breast;
Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
Of in my face he dothe his banner rest.
She that me taught to love, and suffer paine;
My doubtfull hope, and eke my warm desire,
With shame-faced cloke to shadow and restraine,
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.
And coward Love then to the heart apace
Taket h his flighte; whereas he lurks, and plains
His purpose lost, and dare not shew his face.
For my Love's guilt thus faultless bide I pains.
Yet from my Love shall not my foot remove:
Sweet is his death, that takes his end by love.

IN PRAISE OF THE FAIR GERALDINE.

FROM Tuscan came my Ladye's worthy race ;
 Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seate.
 The western isle whose pleasant shore dothe face
 Wild Camber's cliffes, did give her liveley heat.
 Fostered she was with milk of Irish breaste ;
 Her sire an Earl ; her dame of Prince's blood.
 From tender years, in Britaine did she rest
 With Kinges childe ; where she tasted costly foode.
 Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyen :
 Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she highte.
 Hampton me taughte to wish her first for mine,
 And Windsor, alas ! dothe chase me from her sighte.
 Her beautie of kind ; her virtues from above ;
 Happy is he that can obtaine her love !

 THE FRAILTIE OF BEAUTIE.

BRITTLE beautie, that Nature made so fraile,
 Whereof the gifte is smalle, and shorte is the season ;
 Flouring to-day, to-morrow apt to faile ;
 Fickle treasure, abhorred of reason :
 Dangerous to deal with,—vain,—of none avail ;
 Costlie in keeping, past—not worthe two peason ;
 Slipper and sliding, as is an eel's tail ;
 Hard to obtain, once gotten, not geason :
 Jewell of jeopardy, that peril dothe assail ;
 False and untrue, enticeth oft to treason ;
 Enemie to youth, that most may I bewaile ;
 Ah ! bitter sweet, infecting as the poison,
 Thou farest as fruit that with the frost is taken :
 To-day ready ripe, to-morrow all too shaken.

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT.

ALAS! so all things now doe hold their peace!
 Heaven and earthe disturbed in no thing;
 The beasts, the air, the birdes their song doe cease,
 The nighte's car the stars about dothe bringe.
 Calm is the sea; the waves worke less and less:
 So am not I, whom love, alas! dothe wringe,
 Bringing before my face the great increase
 Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,
 In joye and woe, as in a doubtful case.
 For my sweet thoughts sometime doe pleasure bring;
 But bie and bie, the cause of my disease
 Gives me a pang that inwardly dothe sting,
 When that I thinke what grieve it is againe
 To live and lack the thing should ridd my paine.

WHEN Windsor's walls sustained my wearied arme;
 My hand my chin, to ease my restless head;
 The pleasant spot re-vested green with warm;
 The blossomed boughs, with lusty Ver y-spread;
 The flour'd meades, the wedded birdes so late
 Mine eyes discover; and to my minde resort
 The jollie woes, the hateless, short debate,
 The careless life, that 'longs to love's disport.
 Wherewith, alas! the heavy charge of care
 Heaped in my breast breaks forth against my will
 In smokie sighs, that overcast the air.
 My vapoured eyes such dreary tears distill,
 The tender spring which quicken where they fall;
 And I half bend to throw me down withal.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

was born at Hayes Farm, near Exe, Buzleigh, Devon, in 1582. In 1598, he entered at Oriel College, Oxford, and afterwards at the Middle Temple. The study of the law appears to have had no attraction for him, as we quickly hear of his serving as a volunteer under the Protestant banner, in France. He won the favour of Queen Elizabeth by a piece of gallantry; and was afterwards sent to the Tower, with Elizabeth Throckmorton, upon whom he had bestowed that admiration and affection, which the insatiate vanity of this heartless queen was desirous of appropriating entirely to herself. He was a man of indomitable energy, courage, and perseverance; and alike fitted to shine in camp, or court. It would be vain to attempt here, even an outline of his eventful career. His unjust execution, which took place on the 29th of October 1618, deprived the English court of one of its brightest ornaments. The poems of Sir Walter Raleigh are few, but sufficiently beautiful to make us regret there are no more. His personal friend, Spenser, speaking of his poetry, styles him "the summer's nightingale."

A VISION UPON THE FAIRY QUEEN.

METHOUGHT I saw the grave, where Laura lay
Within that temple, where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and, passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love, and fairer Virtue kept:
All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen;
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And, from thenceforth, those Graces were not seen;
For they this Queen attended; in whose stead,
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce:
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And cursed the access of that celestial thief!

ON THE SAME.

THE praise of meaner wits this work like profit brings,
As doth the Cuckoo's song delight when Philomela sings.
If thou hast formed right true Virtue's face herein ;
Virtue herself can best discern, to whom they written
been.
If thou hast Beauty praised, let her sole looks divine
Judge if ought therein be amiss, and mend it by her
eyne.
If Chastity want ought, or Temperance *her due*,
Behold her princely mind aright, and write thy Queen
anew.
Meanwhile she shall perceive how far her virtues soar
Above the reach of all that live, or such as wrote of yore ;
And thereby will excuse and favour thy good will,
Whose virtue cannot be exprest, but by an Angel's
quill.
Of me no lines are loved, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy
device,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,

the eldest son of Sir Henry Sidney, by a daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, was born on the 29th of November, 1554, at Penshurst, in Kent. The great, the brave, the chivalrous of his day, whose whole life appears a romance. High moral principles, untainted purity, united to various accomplishments, rendered him the ornament and delight of his countrymen.

Although married to the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, his heart had been previously won by the Lady Penelope Devereux, sister to the hapless Essex, whom he has celebrated in his *Sonnets* under the name of Stella. Destined for each other, while she was yet in her infancy, she early won his heart; and though family arrangements caused the marriage to be broken off, it does not appear but that the Lady Penelope retained her place in his affections, until England was deprived of this gallant knight, her idol, and the admiration of foreign nations, who fell gloriously, on the memorable field of Zutphen: he expired on the 17th of October, 1586, after exhibiting the most unaffected piety, and exemplary composure, at the early age of thirty-two, while yet in the summer of his existence. Few characters, recorded by Fame, are so distinguished, or so unexceptionable, as that of the gallant, the heroic Sydney. It has been justly observed, that "if judged in all things by his own standard, he will be found in all things more than worthy of his undying fame."

His poems, lauded with admiration in his own day, are too little known or appreciated in this. His *Sonnets* are written in a beautiful style, and will, it is to be hoped, to the credit of this enlightened age, regain their well-merited popularity.

TO THE MOON.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!

How silently, and with how wan a face!

What! may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrow tries?

Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;

I read in thy looks, thy languish'd grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.

Then of fellowship, O Moon, tell me
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?

Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

TO SLEEP.

COME, Sleep—O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low !
 With shield of proof, shield me from out the prease ;
 Of those fierce darts Despair, at me doth throw :
 O make in me those civil wars to cease !
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed ;
 A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light ;
 A rosy garland, and a heavy head :
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt, in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

THE curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
 Bewray itself in my long-settled eyes,
 Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise,
 With idle pains and missing aim, do guess.
 Some that know how my Spring I did address,
 Deem that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies
 Others, because the prince my service tries,
 Think, that I think state errors to redress ;
 But harder judges judge ambition's rage,
 Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place,
 Holds my young brain captiv'd in golden cage.
 O fools, or over wise ! alas ! the race
 Of all my thoughts hath neither stop or start,
 But only Stella's eyes, and Stella's heart.

BECAUSE I oft, in dark abstracted *grief*,
 Seem most alone in greatest company.
 With dearth of words, or answers quite awry.
 To them that would make speech of speech arise:
 They deem, and of their *doom* the rumour flies.
 That poison foul of babbling pride doth lie
 So in my swelling breast, that only I
 Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
 Yet pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
 Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass:
 But one worse fault, ambition, I confess,
 That makes me oft my best friends overpass
 Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
 Bends all his power, even unto Stella's grace.

HAVING this day my horse, my hand, my lance,
 Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,
 Both by the judgement of the English eyes,
 And of some sent from that sweet enemy, France:
 Horsemen, my skill in horsemanship advance,
 Town-folks, my strength: a daintier judge applies
 His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;
 Some lucky wits impute it but to chance:
 Others, because of both sides I do take
 My blood from them who did excell in this,
 Think nature me a man of arms did make:
 How far they shot awry! the true cause is,
 Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face
 Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowed hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan ;
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who in their lips Love's standard bear,
What, he ? say they of me, now I dare swear
He cannot love ! no, no ; let him alone.
And think so still, so Stella know my mind !
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art ;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart.
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove :
They love indeed, who quake to say they love.

STELLA, think not that I by verse seek fame,
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live, but thee ;
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine history :
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.
Nor so ambitious am I, as to frame
A nest for my young praise in laurel tree :
In truth I swear, I wish not there should be
Graved in my epitaph a poet's name.
Ne, if I would, I could just title make,
That any laud to me thereof should grow,
Without my plumes from others' wings I take,
For nothing from my wit or will doth flow ;
Since all my words thy beauty doth indite,
And Love doth hold my hand, and make me write.

As good to write, as for to lie and groan :

O Stella dear, how much thy power hath wrought,
That hast my mind, none of the basest, brought
My still kept course, while others sleepe, to moan !
Alas ! if from the height of Virtue's throne,
Thou canst vouchsafe the influence of a thought
Upon a wretch that long thy grace hath sought ;
Weigh then how I by thee am overthrown :
And then, think thus, although thy beauty be
Made manifest by such a victory,
Yet noble conquerors do wrecks avoid :
Since then thou hast so far subdued me,
That in my heart I offer still to thee,
O do not let thy temple be destroyed !

O KISS, which dost those ruddy gems impart,
Or gems, or fruits of new-found Paradise,
Breathing all bliss, and sweetening to the heart,
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise !
O kiss, which souls, even souls, together ties
By links of love, and only nature's art !
How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes,
Or of thy gifts at least shade out some part !
But she forbids ; with blushing words, she says,
She builds her fame on higher-seated praise :
But my heart burns, I cannot silent be.
Then since, dear life, you fain would have me peace,
And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease,
Stop you my mouth with still, still kissing me.

WHEN far-spent night persuades each mortal eye,
To whom nor art nor nature granteth light,
To lay his then mark-wanting shafts of sight,
Closed with their quivers, in sleep's armoury;
With windows ope, then most my mind doth lie,
Viewing the shape of darkness and delight;
Takes in that sad hue, which with th' inward night
Of his mazed powers keeps perfect harmony:
But when birds charm, and that sweet air which is
Morn's messenger, with rose-enamelled skies,
Calls each wight to salute the flower of bliss;
In tomb of lids then buried are mine eyes.
Forced by their lord, who is ashamed to find
Such light in sense, with such a darkened mind.

HIGH-way, since you my chief Parnassus be;
And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet,
More soft than to a chamber melody.
Now, blessed you, bear onward, blessed me
To Her, where I my heart safe left shall meet,
My Muse and I must you of duty greet
With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully,
Be you still fair, honoured by public heed,
By no encroachment wronged, or time forgot;
Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed.
And that you know, I envy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss
Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may kiss.

Of all the kings that ever here did reign,
Edward named Fourth, as first in praise I name,
Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain,
Although less gifts imp feathers oft on fame :
Nor that he could young—wise, wise valiant, frame
His sire's revenge joined with a kingdom's gain ;
And, gained by Mars, could get mad Mars so tame,
That balance weighed, what sword did late obtain.
Nor that he made the Floure-de-luce so 'fraid,
Though strongly hedged of bloody Lion's paws,
That witty Lewis to him a tribute paid.
Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause.
But only for this worthy knight doth prove
To lose his crown rather than fail his love

O HAPPY Thames ! that didst my Stella bear
I saw thyself, with many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face, joy's livery wear,
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,
While wanton winds, with beauty so divine
Ravished, stayed not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves (O sweetest prison!) twine.
And fain those Æol's youth there would their stay
Have made ; but, forced by nature still to fly,
First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
She, so dishevelled, blushed : from window I
With sight thereof cried out, O fair disgrace,
Let honour's self to thee grant highest place !

IN martial sports I had my cunning tried,
 And yet to break more staves did me address,
 While with the people's shouts (I must confess)
 Youth, luck, and praise, e'en filled my veins with pride;
 When Cupid having me (his slave) descried
 In Mars' livery prancing in the press,
 "What now, Sir Fool!" said he; "I could no less:
 Look here, I say." I looked, and Stella spied,
 Who hard by made a window send forth light.
 My heart then quaked, then dazzled were mine eyes;
 One hand forgot to rule, th' other to fight;
 Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries.
 My foe came on, and beat the air for me—
 Till that her blush made me my shame to see.

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try;
 O give my passions leave to run their race;
 Let fortune lay on me her worst disgrace;
 Let folk o'ercharged with brain against me cry,
 Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye,
 Let me no steps, but of lost labour trace:
 Let all the earth with scorn recount my case,
 But do not will me from thy love to fly.
 I do not envy Aristotle's wit,
 Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame;
 Nor aught do care, though some above me sit,
 Nor hope, nor wish, another course to frame,
 But that which once may win thy cruel heart:
 Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

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ROBERT DEVEREUX,

the noble and unfortunate Earl of Essex, was the eldest son of Walter Earl of Essex, by Lettice, daughter of Sir Francis Knollys, K.G. He was born at Netherwood, in Herefordshire, on the 10th of November, 1567. In the tenth year of his age he succeeded to the estates and honours of his family. At the end of the year 1578, Essex became a student of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1582, he took the degree of Master of Arts, and soon after retired into South Wales, to one of his family mansions. In temper and manners he was peculiarly graceful and engaging; and whilst a collegian, it is recorded, much to his honour, that his dignity and moral conduct were not disgraced by vice. By the Earl of Leicester, who had married the widowed Countess of Essex, the youthful Earl was introduced at Court, in 1584, where he soon rose to a measure of favour with the Queen, which his father-in-law had never enjoyed. He received the commission of General of the Horse, when little more than eighteen years old, while in Holland, and was distinguished for his bravery and gallantry, in the battle of Zutphen. He married the widow of Sir Philip Sidney, by whom he had a son, the last Earl of the noble house of Devereux.

Essex was possessed of great genius; his knowledge was infinitely varied; he was considered the first English prose writer of his day, and his poems, which research has brought to light, have added new lustre to a name already great; he was the friend and patron of Spenser, and caused his obsequies to be performed at his own expense, which admirable feeling towards the unfortunate poet, speaks well in favour of the qualities of his heart. His unfortunate expedition to Ireland, and sudden return to England, together with his subsequent unaccountable conduct, (unless it be attributed to insanity,) and the tragical termination of his life, are too long to be entered upon here, and too well known to need comment. He suffered death with a calm heroism which only the truest piety could have afforded. Happier far would have been his life, could it have been passed in the tranquil seclusion of which he himself has left so sweet a picture.

"Happy he could finish forth his fate
In some unhaunted desert, most obscure
From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure;
Then wake again, and yield God ever praise;
Content with hips and haws, and bramble-berry,
In contemplation passing out his days,
And change of holy thoughts, to make him merry;
Who when he dies his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless Robin dwells with gentle thrush."

BY ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX, IN HIS TROUBLE.

THE ways on earth have paths and turnings known ;
 The ways on sea are known by needle's light ;
 The birds in air the nearest way have flown ;
 And under earth the mole doth cast aright.
 A way more hard than these I needs must take,
 Where no man's good for me example makes ;
 But all men's faults do teach her to suspect ;
 Her thoughts, not mine, much disproportion have ;
 All strength in love is infinite in me ;
 She useth the advantage time and fortune gave,
 Of worth and power, to get the liberty.
 Earth—sea—heaven—hell, are subject unto laws,
 But I !—poor I, must suffer and know no cause.

ASCRIBED TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

My locks once dark, time hath to silver turned,
 (O time too swift, and swiftness never ceasing,)
 My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth had spurned,
 But spurned in vain ; youth waneth by increasing ;
 Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers that fading been,
 Duty, faith, love, are roots and ever green.
 My helmet now shall make an hive for bees,
 And lover's songs shall turn to holy psalms ;
 A man at arms must now bend on his knees ;
 And feed on prayers that are old age's alms.
 And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
 I'll teach my swains this carol for a song.—
 Blessed be the hearts that think my sovereign well.
 Cursed be the souls that think to do her wrong.
 Lady, vouchsafe a valiant man his right,
 To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.

EDMUND SPENSER,

was born in London, about the year 1553, but of what family is uncertain; and, as his fame could receive no additional lustre from high birth, is of little importance. He was entered as a sizar at Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, in the year 1569. He took the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts, the latter in 1576, in which year he was an unsuccessful competitor for a fellowship. Upon this disappointment, he retired into the north of England, where he met with the object of his first attachment, who is known by no other name than the fanciful one of Rosalind, given to her by the poet, after the fashion of the day. He was doomed to see his Rosalind prefer another, after having, as he hoped, made some progress in her affections. From the north he was recalled to London, by his friend Gabriel Harvey, through whose introduction, aided by his own transcendent merits, he was patronized by Sir Philip Sidney. He was afterwards appointed Poet Laureat to Elizabeth, and subsequently secretary to the new Lord Deputy in Ireland. Soon after his recall, he was rewarded by a grant of land in Ireland, from the forfeited estate of Desmond. Plunged in grief for the death of his friend and patron, Sir Philip Sidney, he gladly retired to these new scenes. Here he first made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom he gave the title in his pastoral, of "Shepherd of the Ocean;" and subsequently, by his marriage with his Elizabeth, healed the wound inflicted by the levity and coquetry of Rosalind. His sonnets chiefly refer to this second attachment; his hopes and fears about which continued three years, ere he was finally rewarded with the lady's hand, and are described in some of his most exquisite sonnets. Elizabeth, though not of noble birth, appears to have been rather a haughty beauty; for which she is alternately flattered and reproved, in a quaint and beautiful manner, by the poet. In the Tyrone rebellion his estate was plundered, his house and one of his children burnt: and with his wife and remaining children he escaped into England, and died in an obscure lodging in London, in extreme indigence, in 1599. The noble-minded Earl of Essex made an effort for him, which came too late. He was afterwards interred in Westminster Abbey, near the remains of Chaucer, and attended by several of his brother poets, who threw into his grave copies of verses to his memory.

HAPPY, ye Leaves! when as those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in love's soft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight.
And happy Lines! on which with starry light
Those lamping eyes will deign sometimes to look,
And read the sorrows of my dying spright,
Written with tears in heart's close bleeding book.
And happy Rimes! bathed in the sacred brook
Of Helicon, whence she derived is,
When ye behold that angel's blessed look,
My soul's long-lacked food, my heaven's bliss.
Leaves, Lines, and Rimes, seek her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

MORE than most fair, full of the living fire
Kindled above, unto the Maker near;
No eyes but joys, in which all powers conspire,
That to the world nought else be counted dear:
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
Shoot out his darts to base affection's wound?
But angels come to lead frail minds to rest
In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
You stop my tongue, and teach my heart to speak;
You calm the storm that passion did begin,
Strong through your cause, but by your vertue weak.
Dark is the world where your light shined never;
Well is he born that may behold you ever.

Long while I sought to what I might compare
Those powerful eyes which lighten my dark spright,
Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
Resemble th' image of the goodly light.
Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;
Nor to the moon, for they are changed never:
Nor to the stars, for they have purer sight;
Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever;
Nor to the lightning, for they still presever;
Nor to the diamond, for they are more tender;
Nor unto crystal, for nought may them sever;
Nor unto glass, such baseness mought offend her:
Then to the Maker self they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

ONE day I sought with heart-thrilling eyes
To make a truce, and terms to entertain,
All fearless then of so false enemies,
Which sought me to entrap in treason's train:
So as I then disarmed did remain,
A wicked ambush which lay hidden long
In the close covert of her guileful eyen,
Thence breaking forth, did thick about me throng.
Too feeble I to abide the brunt so strong,
Was forced to yield myself into their hands,
Who me captiving, straight with rigorous wrong
Have ever since kept me in cruel bands:
So, Lady, now to you I do complain
Against your eyes, that justice I may gain.

IN that proud port which her so goodly graceth,
Whiles her fair face she rears up to the sky,
And to the ground her eyelids low embraceth,
Most goodly temperature ye may descry,
Mild humbless, mixt with awful majesty ;
For looking on the earth, whence she was born,
Her mind remembreth her mortality ;
What-so is fairest shall to earth return.
But that some lofty countenance seems to scorn
Base thing, and think how she to heaven may clime,
Treading down earth as loathsome and forlorn,
That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy shine :
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to look on me ;
Such lowliness shall make you lofty be.

YE tradeful Merchants ! that with weary toil
Do seek most precious things to make your gain,
And both the Indias of their treasure spoil,
What needeth you to seek so far in vain ?
For, lo ! my love doth in herself contain
All this world's riches that may far be found.
If saphyrs, lo ! her eyes be saphyrs plain ;
If rubies, lo ! her lips be rubies sound ;
If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round ;
If ivory, her forehead ivory ween ;
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground ;
If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen :
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind, adorned with vertues manifold.

ONE day as I unwarily did gaze
On those fair eyes, my love's immortal light,
The whiles my 'stonished heart stood in amaze,
Through sweet allusion of her look's delight,
I mote perceive how in her glancing sight
Legions of Loves with little wings did fly,
Darting their deadly arrows fiery bright
At every rash beholder passing by;
One of those archers closely I did spy
Aiming his arrow at my very heart;
When suddenly with twinkle of her eye,
The damsel broke his misintended dart:
Had she not done so, sure I had been slain,
Yet as it was I hardly 'scaped with pain.

THE glorious portrait of that angel's face,
Made to amaze weak men's confused skill,
And this world's worthless glory to embrace,
What pen, what pencil, can express her fill?
For though he colours could devise at will,
And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
Lest trembling it his workmanship should spill,
Yet many wondrous things there are beside:
The sweet eye-glances, that like arrows glide;
The charming smiles that rob sense from the heart;
The lovely pleasance, and the lofty pride,
Cannot expressed be by any art:
A greater craftsman's hand thereto doth need,
That can express the life of things indeed.

THE rolling wheel that runneth often round,
The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear ;
And drizzling drops, that often do redound
The firmest flint doth in continuance wear :
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping tear,
And long entreaty, soften her hard heart,
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
On look with pity on my painful smart :
But when I plead, she bids me play my part ;
And when I weep, she says tears are but water ;
And when I sigh, she says I know the art ;
And when I wail, she turns herself to laughter :
So do I weep and wail, and plead in vain,
Whiles she as steel and flint doth still remain.

THE merry cuckoo, messenger of spring,
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded,
That warns all lovers wait upon their king,
Who now is coming forth with girland crowned ;
With noise whereof the quire of birds resounded
Their anthems sweet, devized of love's praise,
That all the woods their echoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their lays :
But 'mongst them all, which did Love's honour raise,
No word was heard of her that most it ought,
But she his precept proudly disobeys,
And doth his idle message set at nought :
Therefore, O Love ! unless she turns to thee
E'er cuckoo end, let her a rebel be.

WHEN I behold that beauty's wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part,
Of Nature's skill the only complement,
I honour and admire the Maker's art ;
But when I feel the bitter baleful smart
Which her fair eyes unwares do work in me,
That death out of their shiny beams do dart,
I think that I a new Pandora see,
Whom all the gods in counsel did agree
Into this sinful world from heaven to send,
That she to wicked men a scourge should be,
For all their faults with which they did offend.
But since ye are my scourge, I will entreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

How long shall this like dying life endure,
And know no end of its own misery,
But waste and wear away in terms unsure,
'Twixt fear and hope depending doubtfully ?
Yet better were at once to let me die,
And shew the last ensample of your pride,
Than to torment me thus with cruelty,
To prove your pow'r, which I too well have tride.
But yet if in your harden'd breast ye hide
A close intent at last to shew me grace,
Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
As means of bliss I gladly will embrace,
And wish that more and greater they might be,
That greater meed at last may turn to me.

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a breere ;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough ;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near ;
Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough ;
Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough ;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill ;
Sweet is the broom-flowre, but yet sour enough ;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill :
So every sweet with sour is tempered still,
That maketh it be coveted the more ;
For easy things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men do set but little store.
Why then should I account of little pain,
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain ?

FAIR Proud ! now tell me why should fair be proud,
Sith all world's glory is but dross unclean ?
And in the shade of death itself should shroud,
However now thereof ye little ween.
That goodly idol, now so gay beseen,
Shall doff her fleshs borrow'd fair attire,
And be forgot, as it had never been,
That many now much worship and admire :
Ne any then shall after it inquire,
Ne any mention shall thereof remain,
But what this verse, that never shall expire,
Shall to you purchase, with her thankless pain.
Fair ! be no longer proud of that shall perish,
But that which shall you make immortal cherish.

THE laurel leaf, which you this day do wear,
Gives me great hope of your relenting mind,
For since it is the badge which I do bear,
Ye bearing it, do seem to me inclined :
The power thereof, which oft in me I find,
Let it likewise your gentle breast inspire
With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
Of that proud maid whom now those leaves attire.
Proud Daphne, scorning Phœbus' lovely fire,
On the Thessalian shore from him did fly,
For which the gods, in their revengeful ire,
Did her transform into a laurel-tree.
Then fly no more, fair Love! from Phœbus' chace,
But in your breast his leaf and love embrace.

SEE how the stubborn damsel doth deprave
My simple meaning with disdainful scorn,
And by the bay which I unto her gave,
Accounts myself her captive quite forlorn.
"The bay," quoth she, "is of the victor born,
Yielded them by the vanquished as their meeds,
And they therewith do poets' heads adorn
To sing the glory of their famous deeds:"
But sith she will the conquest challenge needs;
Let her accept me as her faithful thrall,
That her great triumph which my skill exceeds,
I may in trump of Fame blaze over all;
Then would I deck her head with glorious bays,
And fill the world with her victorious praise.

LIKE as a ship that through the ocean wide,
By conduct of some star doth make her way,
When as a storm hath dimmed her trusty guide,
Out of her course doth wander far astray;
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,
Do wander now in darkness and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me placed;
Yet hope I will, that when this storm is past,
My Helice, the load-star of my life,
Will shine again, and look on me at last
With lovely light, to clear my cloudy grief:
'Till then, I wander careful, comfortless,
In secret sorrow and sad pensiveness.

WHAT guile is this, that those her golden tresses,
She doth attire under a net of gold,
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold or hair may scarce be told?
Is it that men's frail eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare,
And being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker hearts, which are not well aware?
Take heed, therefore, mine Eyes! how ye do stare,
Henceforth, too rashly on that guileful net,
In which if ever ye entrappèd are,
Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
Fondness it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be.

SWEET Smile, the daughter of the Queen of Love,
Expressing all thy mother's powerful art,
With which she wonts to temper angry Jove,
When all the gods he threats with thundering dart,
Sweet is thy vertue, as thyself sweet art;
For when on me thou shinedst late in sadness,
A melting pleasance ran through every part
And me revived with heart-robbing gladness,
Whilst rapt with joy resembling heavenly madness,
My soul was ravished quite as in a trance,
And feeling thence no more her sorrow's sadness
Fed on the fulness of that chearful glance;
More sweet than nectar or ambrosial meat,
Seemed every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

MARK when she smiles with amiable chear,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it,
When on each eye-lid sweetly do appear
An hundred graces, as in shade to sit:
Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fair sunshine in summer's day,
That when a dreadful storm away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray,
At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Come forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head;
So my storm-beaten heart likewise is cheared
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

So oft as I her beauty do behold,
And therewith do her cruelty compare,
I marvel of what substance was the mould,
The which her made att once so cruel fair.
Not earth, for her high thoughts more heavenly are:
Not water, for her love doth burn like fire;
Not air, for she is not so light or rare;
Not fire, for she doth freeze with faint desire;
Then needs another element inquire,
Whereof she mote be made, that is the sky;
For to the heaven her haughty looks inspire,
And eke her love is pure immortal hy.
Then sith to heaven ye likened are the best,
Be like in mercy as in all the rest.

SWEET Warriour! when shall I have peace with you?
High time it is this war now ended were,
Which I no longer can endure to sue,
Ne your incessant battry more to bear:
So weak my powers, so sore my wounds appear,
That wonder is, how I should live a jot,
Seeing my heart through lanced everywhere,
With thousand arrows which your eyes have shot:
Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not;
But glory think to make these cruel stoures.
Ye cruel One! what glory can be got
In slaying him that would live gladly yours?
Make peace, therefore, and grant me timely grace,
That all my wounds will heal in little space.

TO HER THAT IS MOST ASSURED TO HERSELF.

WEAK is the assurance that weak flesh reposeth
In her own powre, and scorneth other's aid ;
That soonest falls, when as she most supposeth
Her self-assured, and is of nought afraid.
All flesh is frail, and all her strength unstaide,
Like a vain bubble blowen up with air ;
Devouring Time and changefull Chance have preyed,
Her glorious pride, that none may it repair.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fair,
But faileth, trusting on his own assurance ;
And he that standeth on the highest stair
Falls lowest ; for on earth nought hath endurance.
Why then do ye, proud Fair ! misdeem so farr,
That to yourself ye most assured are ?

THRICE happy she that is so well assured,
Unto herself, and settled so in heart,
That neither will for better be allured
Ne fears to worse with any chance to start,
But like a steady ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keeps her course aright ;
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fairer weather's false delight.
Such self-assurance need not fear the spight
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends ;
But in the stay of her own stedfast might,
Neither to one herself nor other bends.
Most happy shee that most assured doth rest,
But he most happy who such one loves best.

THE glorious image of the Maker's beauty,
My sovereign Saint! the idol of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of duty,
T' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought;
For being, as she is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of angels heavenly born,
And with the crew of blessed saints upbrought,
Each of which did her with her gifts adorn,
The bud of joy, the blossom of the morn,
The beam of light, whom mortal eyes admire,
What reason is it then but she should scorn
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire?
Such heav'nly forms ought rather worshipt be,
Than dare be loved by men of low degree.

THE weary Year his race now having run,
The new begins his compast course anew;
With shew of morning mild he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plenty to ensue.
So let us, which this change of weather view,
Change eke our minds, and former lives amend;
The old year's sins forepast, let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend:
Then shall the new year's joy forth freshly send
Into the glooming world his gladsom ray,
And all these storms which now his beauty blend,
Shall turn to calms, and timely clear away.
So likewise, Love! cheer you your heavy spight,
And change old year's annoy to new delight.

AFTER long storms and tempests' sad assay,
 Which hardly I endured heretofore,
 In dread of death and dangerous dismay,
 With which my silly bark was tossed sore,
 I do at length descry the happy shore,
 In which I hope ere long for to arrive ;
 Fair soil it seems from far, and fraught with store
 Of all that dear and dainty is alive.
 Most happy he that can at last atchieve
 The joyous safety of so sweet a rest,
 Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
 Remembrance of all pains which him opprest.
 All pains are nothing in respect of this,
 All sorrows short that gain eternal bliss.

THE doubt which ye misdeem, fair love ! is vain,
 That fondly fear to lose your liberty,
 When losing one, two liberties ye gain,
 And make him bound that bondage erst did fly.
 Sweet be the bands the which true Love doth tye,
 Without constraint or dread of any ill ;
 The gentle bird feels no captivity
 Within her cage, but sings and feeds her fill.
 There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
 The league 'twixt them, that loyal love hath bound,
 But simple truth and mutual goodwill
 Seeks with sweet peace to salve each other's wound ;
 There Faith doth fearless dwell in brazen towre,
 And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

LIKE as a huntsman after weary chace,
 Seeing the game from him escape away,
 Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
 With panting hounds beguiled of their prey ;
 So after long pursute and vain assay,
 When I all weary had the chace forsook,
 The gentle deer returned the self-same way,
 Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brook ;
 There she beholding me with milder look,
 Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide,
 Till I in hand her yet half trembling took,
 And with her own good will her firmly tide :
 Strange thing me seemed to see a beast so wild
 So goodly wone, with her own will beguiled.

FRESH Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,
 In whose coat-armour richly are displaid
 All sorts of flowres the which on earth do spring,
 In goodly colours gloriously arrayed,
 Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
 Yet in her winter's bowre not well awake,
 Tell her the joyous Time will not be staid,
 Unless she do him by the forelock take :
 Bid her, therefore, her self soon ready make
 To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew,
 Where every one that misseth then her make
 Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
 Make haste, therefore, sweet Love ! whilst it is prime,
 For none can call again the passèd time.

I JOY to see how in your drawn work
Yourself unto the bee ye do compare,
And me unto the spider, that doth lurk
In close await to catch her unaware :
Right so yourself were caught in cunning snare
Of a dear foe, and thrall'd to his love,
In whose straight bands ye now captived are
So firmly, that ye never may remove :
But as your work is woven all about
With woodbind flowres and fragrant eglantine,
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
With many dear delights bedecked fine,
And all thenceforth eternal peace shall see
Between the spider and the gentle bee.

OFt when my spirit doth spread her bolder wings,
In mind to mount up to the purest sky,
It down is weigh'd with thought of earthly things,
And clogg'd with burden of mortality,
Where when that sovereign beauty it doth spy,
Resembling heaven's glory in her light,
Drawn with sweet pleasure's bait it back doth fly,
And unto heaven forgets her former flight.
There my frail fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bathe in bliss, and mantleth most at ease,
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
Her heart's desire with most contentment please.
Heart need not wish none other happiness,
But here on earth to have such heaven's bliss.

BEING myself captived here in care,
My heart, whom none with servile bands can tye,
But the fair tresses of your golden hair,
Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly;
Like as a bird that in one's hand doth spy
Desired food, to it doth make his flight;
Even so my heart, that wont on your fair eye
To feed his fill, flies back unto your sight.
Do you him take, and in your bosom bright
Gently engage, that he may be your thrall;
Perhaps he there may learn, with rare delight,
To sing your name and praises over all,
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your bosom to have lent.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washed it away;
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide and made my pains his prey.
Vain Man! said she, that dost in vain assay
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise.
Not so, quoth I; let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame;
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name,
Where, when as Death shall all the world subdew,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

MEN call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that yourself ye daily such do see ;
But the true fair, that is, the gentle wit,
And vertuous mind, is much more praised of me ;
For all the rest, however fair it be,
Shall turn to naught, and lose that glorious hue ;
But only that is permanent and free
From frail corruption, that doth flesh ensew :
That is true beauty ; that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed,
Derived from that fair Spirit from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed :
He only fair, and what he fair hath made ;
All other fair, like flowres, untimely fade.

THE world, that cannot deem of worldly things,
When I do praise her, say I do but flatter ;
So doth the cuckow, when the mavis sings,
Begin his witless note apace to chatter.
But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
All that they know not envy or admire ;
Rather than envy let them wonder at her,
But not to deem of her desert aspire.
Deep in the closet of my parts entire,
Her worth is written with a golden quill,
That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
And my glad mouth with her sweet praises fill,
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump shall thunder,
Let the world chuse to envy or to wonder.

VENOMOUS tongue, tipt with vile adder's sting,
Of that self kind with which the Furies fell
Their snaky heads do comb, from which a spring
Of poisoned words and spightful speeches well,
Let all the plagues and horrid pains of hell
Upon thee fall for thine accursed hire.
That with false forged lyes, which thou didst tell,
In my true love did stir up coals of ire,
The sparks whereof let kindle thine own fire,
And catching hold on thine own wicked head,
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred.
Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward,
Due to thyself that it for me prepared.

SINCE I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary days I have outworn,
And many nights, that slowly seemed to move
Their sad protract from evening until morn :
For when as day the heaven doth adorn,
I wish that night the noyous day would end ;
And when as night hath us of light forlorn,
I wish that day would shortly re-ascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And fain my grief with changes to beguile,
That further seems his term still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a mile :
So sorrow still doth seem too long to last,
But joyous hours do fly away too fast.

LIKE as the culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her mone sends many a wishful vow
For his return, that seems to linger late ;
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my love,
And wandering here and there all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove.
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth hove
Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight,
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasance to delight :
Dark is my day whiles her fair light I miss,
And dead my life, that wants such lively bliss.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

All that we know of this truly great dramatic poet's life may be comprized in a few sentences. His modesty must have been as great almost as his wonderful genius. He was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23rd of April, 1564. He was the son of "a considerable dealer in wool," whose "family were of good figure and fashion." At the age of eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, and four years after he visited the metropolis; but the cause of his leaving his native place remains unknown. It is believed his life was irregular, that he passed his time between the court and the theatre; to this period the composition of the exquisite Sonnets is attributed, as also the passionate, devoted, but unfortunate attachment to the nameless being to whom many of the Sonnets were addressed.

The Sonnets are the only records he has left us of his personal and private feelings, in the character of a lover and a friend. To his friend Lord Southampton, it appears many of them were addressed; and probably others in the Earl's name to the beautiful Elizabeth Vernon, to whom that nobleman was so long and so tenderly attached; and his marriage with whom, after four years patient submission to the will of the Queen, lost him well nigh his head. The remainder of the Sonnets were probably all addressed to her, of whom we scarcely know any thing, but that her hair and eyes were dark, and that she was a musical performer. This we gather from the Sonnets, and this is absolutely all we know of her who exercised so powerful a sway over the mighty mind and heart of Shakspeare. He died on the anniversary of his birth-day, April 23rd, 1616.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

THE forward violet thus did I chide ;—
Sweet thief, whence did thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath ;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new-wail my dear time's waste :
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love e'en with my life decay :
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

THINE eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face;
O let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly,
When summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses :
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They lived unwooded and unrespected fade ;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride ;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned ;
In process of the seasons have I seen
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green.
Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived,
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

LET not my love be called idolatry,
Nor my belovèd as an idle show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

THY glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthèd graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, delivered from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so soft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
Save Love, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owst;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

DEVOURING Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood ;
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleet'st,
And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :
O carve not with thy hours my friend's high brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,
My friend shall in my verse ever live young.

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything ;
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion of the rose :
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you ; you, pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

My love is strengthened, though more weak in seeming ;
I have not less, though less the show appear :
That love is merchandized, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing ;
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days :
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometimes hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

SOME glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garment's cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels on beauty's brow ;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
E'en so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow ;
But out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud has masked him from me now ;
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

WHY didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's heart, and that man's scope,
With that I most enjoy, contented least:
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Happy I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee,
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere:
From me far off, with others all too near.

MINE eye hath played the painter, and hath steeled
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictured lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazèd with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

LET those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour, and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlooked-for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride was buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famousèd for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honour razèd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

THUS is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age ;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay ;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè—
That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose,
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays ?
O fearful meditation !—where, alack !
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?
O none ! unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

WEARY with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see.
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

THAT time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by-and-bye black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That in the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed wherever it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

O, LEST the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie;
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart :
O! lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you, for love, speak well of me, untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

THAT thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being wooed of time?
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast passed by the ambush of young days,
Either not assailed, or victor, being charged ;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarged.
If some suspect of ill, masked not thy show,
Then thou alone, kingdoms of hearts should'st owe.

WHY didst thou promise such a beauty
 And make me travel forth without
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten arms
 'Tis not enough that thou shouldst shine
 To dry the rain on my sordid cheeks
 For no man well of sense can see
 That heals the wound or cures the pain
 Nor can thy shadow reach to my sightless view,
 Though thou shouldst come as many times
 The offends me more than my sightless view,
 To him that's blind as to the sun
 Ah! *Thou art a jewel hung in ghastly night,*
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

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 That in the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed where'er it must expire,
 Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

A careful house-wife runs to catch
 The scattered creatures broke away,
 And makes all swift despatch
 In getting she would have stay;
 The child holds her in chase,
 Her busy care is bent
 Before her face,
 And discontent:
 A niggard flies from thee,
 O! lest your true love be behind;
 That you, for love, speak to me,
 My name be buried where my love be kind:
 And live no more to shame nor me to will,
 For I am shamed by that which I bring to will.
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

THAT thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve
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 Thou hast passed by the ambush of young days,
 Either not assailed, or victor, being charged;
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarged.
 If some suspect of ill, masked not thy show,
 Then thou alone, kingdoms of hearts should'st owe.

IN the old age, black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now, is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slandered with a bastard shame.
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrowed face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profaned, if not, lives in disgrace.
Therefore, my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem
At such, who not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, that should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blessed than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

Lo ! as a careful house-wife runs to catch
One of her feathered creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay ;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her, whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent :
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind ;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part—kiss me, be kind :
So will I pray that thou may'st have thy will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

THOSE lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breathed forth the sound that said *I—hate*,
To me, that languished for her sake ;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet,
Was used in giving gentle doom ;
And taught it thus anew to greet :
I hate,—she altered with an end,
That followed it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate,—from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying—*not you*.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be out-stripped by every pen,
Reserve them from my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!—
*Had my friend's muse grown with his growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.*

MICHAEL DRAYTON,

was born at Harsull, in Warwickshire, in 1563, of an ancient and respectable family. It is recorded of him, that while yet a child, he had an earnest desire to be a poet; that he was anxious to know "what kind of creatures those poets were;" entreating his tutor, "of all things, to make him one." He studied at Oxford, and afterwards, is supposed to have served in the army of Elizabeth. He was afterwards Poet Laureat to the unfortunate Charles the First, but did not survive long enough to be a witness of the subsequent trials and martyrdom of his royal master. He died in 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His monument is said to have been erected by the Countess of Dorset, and his epitaph written either by Ben Johnson, or Quarles—who were both friends of the Poet. To his sonnets, he gave the title of *Ideas*; probably, from their not being formed exactly after the Italian Construction. He was attached to a lady of Coventry, to whom he promised an immortality, which he has not succeeded in conferring, from their being hitherto unappreciated. Many of his sonnets are extremely beautiful, and deserve a far higher popularity than they have yet attained.

THE world's faire Rose, and HENRY's frostie fire,
JOHN's tyrannie, and chaste MATILDA's wrong,
Th' enraged Queene and furious Mortimer,
The scourge of France, and his chaste love, I sung:
Deposèd RICHARD, ISABEL exiled,
The gallant TUDOR, and faire Katherine;
Duke HUMPHREY, and olde COBHAM's haplesse child,
Courageous Poole, and that brave spirit-full Queene,
EDWARD, and the delicious London-Dame,
BRANDON, and that rich Dowager of France;
SURREY, with his faire paragon of Fame,
DUDLEY's mishap, and virtuous Grey's mischance;
Their severall loves, since I before have showne,
Now, give mee leave, at last to sing mine owne.

VI THE READER.

HAVE there be dwelling in the land,
 Whose well-choiced tunes with all invention swell,
 Let each command as best shall like its mind:
 Some SONGS, some CANTABLES, some DANCE,
 That thus their names themselves I sing
 Let none think them diminished in his
 Power that with my voice may speak of a King,
 And as may there be spoken of his name:
 My wisdom I come in at hours and certain days:
 But now at hand: then, seeks invention for,
 And with each time makes music to his song,
 While, musing, musing, and musing,
 Like me that has my heart's music to me,
 Not care for critics, nor regret the times.

THOU eyes taught me the Alphabet of Love,
 To read my own-soul, ere I learned to spell:
 For I was apt a scholar like to prove:
 Gave me sweet books when as I learned well,
 Vows were my words, when I then began,
 At my first lesson in thy sacred name:
 My conscience the text when I had done,
 Words conscious, and according to thy name:
 My lips then, were liquid crystal tears,
 My eyes, my mouth, so true to crave relief,
 My silent thoughts were my life's despair,
 Nothing like the Accent of my grief:
 My love's school-mistress now hath taught me so,
 That I can read a story of my woe.

My heart was slaine, and none but you and I.
Who should I think the murther should commit?
Since, but yourselfe, there was no creature by,
But only I, guiltless of murthering it.
It slew itselfe; the verdict on the view
Doe quit the dead, and me not accessary;
Well, well, I feare it will be proved by you,
The evidence so great a proof doth carry.
But, O see! see, we need enquire no further!
Upon your lips the scarlet drops are found,
And in your eye, the boy that did the murther;
Your cheekes yet pale, since first they gave the wound.
By this, I see, however things be past,
Yet heaven will still have murther out at last.

In pride of wit, when high desire of fame
Gave life and courage to my labouring pen,
And first the sound and virtue of my name
Won grace and credit in the ears of men;
With those the thronged theatres that press,
I in the circuit for the laurel strove,
Where, the full praise, I freely must confess,
In heat of blood, a modest mind might move.
With shouts and claps, at every little pause,
When the proud round on every side hath rung,
Sadly I sit, unmoved with the applause,
As though to me, it nothing did belong:
No public glory vainly I pursue;
The praise I strive, is, to eternise you.

WILLER thus my pen strives to eternise thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,
Where, in the map of all my misery,
Is modelled out the world of my disgrace :
While in despite of tyrannizing times,
Miner-like, I make thee young again,
Forsally thou scorn'st my world-out-wearing rimes,
And murder'st virtue with thy coy disdain :
And though, in youth, my youth untimely perish,
To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
Ensuing ages yet my rimes shall cherish,
Where I entombed my better part shall save ;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name shall mount upon eternity.

DEAN, why should you command me to my rest,
When now, the night doth summon all to sleepe?
Methinkus this time becometh lovers best,
Night was ordained, together friends to keepe ;
How happy are all other living things,
Which though the day disjoyne, by severall flight,
The quiet Evening yet together brings,
And each returns unto his love at night !
O thou that art so courteous unto all,
Why shouldst thou, Night, abuse me only thus,
That every creature to his kinde dost call,
— 't is thou dost only sever us ?
ould I wish it would be ever day,
n night comes, you bid me goe away.

My thoughts bred up with eagle-birds of love,
And for their virtues I desired to know,
Upon the nest I set them forth to prove
If they were of the eagle's-kind or no.
But they no sooner saw my sunne appeare,
But on her rayes with gazing eyes they stood,
Which proved my hirds delighted in the ayre,
And that they came of this rare kingly brood.
But now their plumes full fumed with sweet desire,
To show their kind, began to climb the skies :
Doe what I could, my eaglets would aspire,
Straight mounting up to thy celestial eyes.
And thus (my Faire) my thoughts away be flowne,
And from my brest into thine eyes bee gone.

Why should your fair eyes with such sovereign grace
Disperse their rays on every vulgar spirit,
Whilst I in darkness, in the self-same place,
Yet not one glance to recompense my merit?
So doth the ploughman gaze the wandering star,
And only rests contented with the light,
That never learned what constellations are,
Beyond the bent of his unknowing sight.
O, why should Beautie (custom to obey),
To their gross sense apply herself so ill?
Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made unhappy by my skill!
Only compelled on this poor good to boast,
Heavens are not kind to them that know thee

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You best discerned of my interior eyes,
And yet your graces outwardly divine,
Whose dear remembrance in my bosom lies,
Too rich a relique for so poor a shrine :
You, in whom Nature chose herself to view,
When she her own perfection would admire,
Bestowing all her excellence on you ;
At whose pure eyes, Love lights his hallowed fire,
Even as a man that in some trance hath seene,
More than his wond'ring utterance can unfold,
That rapt in spirit in better worlds hath beene,
So must your prayse distractedly be told ;
Most of all short, when I should shew you most,
In your perfections altogether lost.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kisse and part ;
Nay, I have done ; you get no more of me ;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myselfe can free :
Shake hands for ever, cancell all our vowes,
And when we meet at any time againe,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechlesse lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

TO THE VESTALS.

THOSE priests which first the vestal fire begunne,
Which might be borrowed from no earthly flame,
Devised a vessell to receive the Sunne,
Being stedfastly opposèd to the same,
Where with sweet wood, laid curiously by art,
On which the Sunne might by reflection beate,
Receiving strength from every secret part,
The fuell kindled with celestiall heate.
Thy blessèd eyes the sunne which lights this fire,
My holy thoughts, they be the Vestal flame,
The precious odours be my chaste desires,
My brest the vessell which includes the same:
 Thou art my *Vesta*, thou my Goddess art,
 Thy hallowed Temple onely is my heart.

Love banished heaven, in earth was held in scorn,
Wandering abroad in need and beggary;
And wanting friends, though of a goddess borne,
Yet craved the almes of such as passèd by:
I, like a man devout and charitable,
Clothed the naked, lodged this wandering guest,
With sighes and teares still furnishing his table,
With what might make the miserable blest;
But this ungratefull for my good desert,
Inticed my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gave consent to steale away my heart,
And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire;
 Well, well my friends, when beggars grow thus bold,
 No marvell then, though charity grow cold.

How many paltry, foolish, painted things,
 That now in coaches trouble every street,
 Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
 Ere they be well wrapped in their winding-sheet;
 While I to thee eternity shall give,
 When nothing else remaineth of these days,
 And queens hereafter shall be glad to live,
 Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise;
 Virgins and matrons reading these my rimes,
 Shall be so much delighted with thy story,
 That they shall grieve they lived not in these times,
 To have seen thee, their sexe's only glory:
 So thou shalt fly above the vulgar throng,
 Still to survive in my immortal song.

TO THE RIVER ANKER.

CLEERE Anker, on whose silver-sanded shore,
 My soul-shrined saint, my faire Idea * lies;
 O, blessèd brooke, whose milk-white swans adore
 That crystall stream, refinèd by her eyes!
 Where sweete myrrh breathing Zephyr in the spring,
 Gently distils his nectar-dropping showers,
 Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing
 Amongst the dainty, dew-impearlèd flowers;
 Say thus, faire Brooke, when thou shalt see thy queen,—
 Lo, here thy shepherd spent his wandering yeares;
 And in these shades, dear nymph, he oft hath been,
 And here to thee he sacrificed his teares:
 Faire *Arden*, thou my *Tempè* art alone,
 And thou, sweet *Anker*, art my *Helicon*.

* This would seem to favour the supposition, that the poet's mistress was an *ideal* one, or that he celebrated her under that name, as his contemporary Daniel did his under the title of *Delia*, instead of that he gave his sonnets the title of *Ideas*, from their not being formed strictly upon the Italian model.

As Love and I late harboured in one inne,
With proverbs thus each other entertaine :
In love there is no lacke, thus I begin;
Faire wordes make fooles, replieth he again;
Who spares to speake, doth spare to speed, (quoth I);
As well (saith he) too forward as too slow:
Fortune assists the boldest, I reply;
A hasty man (quoth he) ne'er wanted woe;
Labour is light, where love (quoth I) doth pay;
(Saith he) Light burthens heavy, if far borne :
(Quoth I) The maine lost, cast the by away;
Y' have spun a faire thred, he replies in scorne.
And having thus awhile each other thwarted,
Fooles as we met, so fooles again we parted.

TO HARMONIE.

Love once would dance within my mistresse eye,
And wanting musicke fitting to the place,
Swore that I should the instrument supply,
And sodainely presents me with her face;
Straitwaies my pulse plaies lively in my veines,
My short-fetched breath doth keep a meaner time,
My quav'ring arteries be the tenours straines,
My trembling sinewes serve the counter chime,
My hollow sighes the deepest base do bear,
True diapason in distinctest sound;
My panting heart the treble makes the aire.
And deskants finely on the musick's ground.
Thus like a lute, or viol, did I lie,
Whilst he, proud slave, danced galliards in her eye.

SAMUEL DANIEL,

the son of a music master, was born near Taunton, in the year 1562. He was early patronized by the admirable Countess of Pembroke, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," at whose expense he was entered a Commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in 1579. He was afterwards tutor to the Lady Anne Clifford, and the successor of Spenser as Poet Laureat to Queen Elizabeth. After her death he was appointed Groom of the Chamber to Ann, Queen of James the First. Towards the close of his life he retired to a farm, but whether in Somersetshire or Wiltshire, is disputed. He died in October, 1619, and a tablet is said to have been erected to his memory from gratitude by his former pupil, the Lady Anne Clifford. Many of his sonnets celebrate the object of his first attachment under the name of Delia. The lady, however, was not to be won; rank was preferred by her before love and genius, and Daniel seeing this, resolved to travel. He remained abroad several years, and on his return had sufficiently overcome his attachment to marry Giustina Florio, of a family of Waldenses, who had fled from the iniquitous persecution of that unhappy people. With her he appears to have been perfectly happy, and to have forgotten his former repulse.

TO DELIA.

LET others sing of Knights and Palladines,
In agèd accents and untimely words;
Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records;
But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes.
Authentic shall my verse in time to come,
When yet th' unborn shall say, lo! where she lies,
Whose beauty made him speak, that else was dumb!
These are the arcs, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark, and Time's consuming rage.
Though th' error of my youth in them appear,
Suffice, they shew I lived and loved thee dear.

BEAUTY, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green,
Cheers for a time, but still the sun doth shew,
And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
Short is the glory of the blushing rose;
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet, which at length thou must be forced to lose.
When thou, surcharged with burthen of thy years,
Shall bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
When time hath made a passport for thy ears.
The date of age, the calends of our death—
But, ah! no more—this must not be foretold,
For women grieve to think they must be old.

RESTORE thy tresses to the golden ore,
Yield Citherea's son those arkcs of love;
Bequeath the heavens the stars that I adore,
And to th' orient do thy pearls remove.
Yield thy hand's pride unto th' ivory white,
Th' Arabian odours give thy breathing sweet;
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright,
To Thetis give the honour of thy feet.
Let Venus have thy graces, her resigned,
And thy sweet voice give back unto th' spheres:
But yet restore thy proud and cruel mind,
To Hyrcan tigers and to ruthless bears;
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain.

TO SLEEP.

CARE-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born :
 Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
 With darke forgetting of my care return.
 And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth :
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the torment of the night's untruth.
 Cease dreams, th' images of day desires,
 To model forth the passions of the morrow :
 Never let rising sun approve you liars,
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

WHILST youth and error led my wandering mind,
 And set my thoughts in heedless ways to range,
 All unawares a goddess chaste I find,
 (Diana-like,) to work my sudden change.
 For her no sooner had mine eye bewrayed,
 But with disdain to see me in that place,
 With fairest hand the sweet unkindest maid
 Casts water—cold disdain—upon my face :
 Which turned my sport into a hart's despair,
 Which still is chased, while I have any breath,
 By mine own thoughts, set on me by my fair ;
 My thoughts, like hounds, pursue to my death.
 Those that I fostered of mine own accord
 Are made by her to murder thus their lord.

I must not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile ;
Flowers have a time before they come to seed,
And she is young and now must sport the while.
And sport sweet maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither ;
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
Let Love and Youth conduct thy pleasures thither.
Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise ;
Pity and smiles do best become the fair,
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sighed for such a one.

AND yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
Or blame the attempt presuming so to soar ;
The mounting venture for a high delight
Did make the honour of the fall the more !
For who gets wealth that puts not from the shore ?
Danger hath honour, great designs their fame,
Glory doth follow, courage goes before ;
And though th' event oft answers not the same,
Suffice that high attempts have never shame.
The mean observer, whom base safety keeps,
Lives without honour, dies without a name,
And in eternal darkness ever sleeps :
And therefore, Delia, 'tis to me no blot,
To have attempted, though attained thee not.

FAIR is my love, and cruel as she's fair ;
Her brow-shades frowns, although her eyes are sunny ;
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair :
And her disdains are galls, her favours honey.
A modest maid, decked with a blush of honour :
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love !
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her.
Sacred on earth ; designed a Saint above !
Chastity and Beauty, which were deadly foes,
Live reconcilèd friends within her brow :
And had she Pity to conjoin with those ;
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now ?
For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
My Muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

MY spotless Love hovers with purest wings,
About the temple of the proudest frame ;
Where blaze those lights fairest of earthly things,
Which clear our clouded world with brightest flame.
My ambitious thoughts confinèd in her face,
Affect no honour, but what she can give :
My hopes do rest in limits of her grace,
I weigh no comfort unless she relieve.
For she that can my heart imparadise,
Holds in her fairest hands what dearest is ;
My fortune's wheels the circles of her eyes,
Whose rolling grace deign once a turn of bliss.
All my life's sweet consists in her alone :
So much I love the most unloving one.

THOSE snary locks, are those same nets (my dear)
 Wherewith my liberty thou didst surprize;
 Love was the flame that fired me so near,
 The dart transpiercing were those crystal eyes:
 Strong is the net, and fervent is the flame;
 Deep is the wound, my sighs can well report:
 Yet do I love, adore, and praise the same,
 That holds, that burns, that wounds me in this sort:
 And list not seek to break, to quench, to heal
 The bond, the flame, the wound that fest'reth so;
 By knife, by liquor, or by salve to heal:
 So much I please to perish in my woe.
 Yet—lest long travels be above my strength,
 Good Delia, loose, quench, heal me now at length.

IF Beauty thus be clouded with a frown,
 That pity shines no comfort to my bliss,
 And vapours of disdain so overgrown,
 That my life's light wholly endarkened is:
 Why should I more molest the world with cries;
 The air with sighs, the earth below with tears?
 Sith I live hateful to those ruthless eyes.
 Vexing with untuned moan her dainty ears.
 If I have loved her dearer than my breath,
 My breath that calls the heavens to witness it;
 And still must hold her dear till after death;
 And that all this moves not her thoughts a whit:
 Yet sure she cannot but must think a part,
 She doth me wrong to grieve so true a heart.

I ONCE may see when years shall wreak my wrong,
When golden hairs shall change to silver wire ;
And those bright rays that kindle all this fire,
Shall fail in force, their working not so strong :
Then Beauty (now the burthen of my song)
Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yield up all to tyrant Time's desire ;
Then fade those flowers that decked her pride so long.
When if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
Which then presents her winter-withered hue ;
Go you, my verse ; go tell her what she was :
For what she was, she best shall find in you :
Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,
But (Phoenix-like) shall make her live anew.

Look, Delia, how w' esteem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush and summer's honour,
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty Time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to decline ;
She then is scorned that late adorned the fair ;
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine.
No April can revive thy withered flowers,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now,
Swift speedy Time, feathered with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow ;
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,
But love now whilst thou may'st be loved again.

BUT love whilst that thou may'st be loved again,
Now whilst thy May hath filled thy lap with flowers;
Now whilst thy beauty bears without a stain;
Now use the Summer smiles, ere Winter lowers.
And whilst thou spread'st unto the rising sun,
The fairest flower that ever saw the light,
Now joy thy time before thy sweet be done;
And, Delia, think thy morning must have night;
And that thy brightness sets at length to West,
When thou wilt close up that which now thou showest,
And think the same becomes thy fading best,
Which then shall most unveil, and shadow most.
Men do not weigh the stalk for that it was,
When once they find her flower, her glory pass.

WHEN men shall find thy flower, thy glory pass,
And thou with careful brow sitting alone,
Received hadst this message from thy glass,
That tells the truth, and says that all is gone.
Fresh, shalt thou see in me the wounds thou madest;
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining:
I that have loved thee thus before thou fadest,
My faith shall wax, when thou art in thy waning.
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath been, thyself shalt see;
And that thou wast unkind, thou may'st repent.
Thou may'st repent that thou hast scorned my tears,
When Winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

WHEN Winter snows upon thy sable hairs,
And Frost of Age hath nipt thy beauties near;
*When dark shall seem thy day that never clears,
And all lies withered that was once so dear:
Then take this picture which I here present thee,
Limned with a pencil not all unworthy:
Here see the gifts that God and nature lent thee;
Here read thyself, and what I suffered for thee.
This may remain thy lasting monument,
Which happily posterity may cherish;
These colours with thy fading are not spent;
These may remain when thou and I shall perish.
If they remain, then thou shalt live thereby;
They will remain, and so thou canst not die.

THOU canst not die, whilst any zeal abound
In feeling hearts that can conceive these lines;
Though thou a LAURA, hast no PETRARCH found,
In base attire yet clearly Beauty shines.
And I (though born within a colder clime)
Do feel my inward heat as great, (I know it);
He never had more faith, although more rhyme;
I love as well, though he could better show it.
But I may add one feather to thy Fame,
To help her flight throughout the fairest Isle:
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then should'st thou live in an immortal style.
For though that Laura better limned be,
Suffice thou shalt be loved as well as she.

* This line will remind the reader of a passage in Ecclesiastes, "And the clouds return after the rain," in the description of Old Age in the last chapter.

LIKE as the lute delights, or else dislikes,*
 As is his art that plays upon the same;
 So sounds my Muse, according as she strikes
 On my heart-strings high-tuned unto her fame.
 Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
 Which here I yield in lamentable wise;
 A wailing descant on the sweetest ground,†
 Whose due reports give honour to her eyes.
 Else harsh my style, untunable my Muse;
 Hoarse sounds the voice, that praiseth not her name:
 If any pleasing relish here I use,
 Then judge the world her beauty gives the same,
 For no ground else could make the music such,
 No other hand could give so true a touch.

WHY should I sing in verse?—why should I frame
 These sad neglected notes for her dear sake?
 Why should I offer up unto her name
 The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make?
 Why should I strive to make her live for ever,
 That never deigns to give me joy to live?
 Why should my afflicted Muse so much endeavour
 Such honour unto cruelty to give?
 If her defects have purchased her this fame,
 What should her virtues do, her smiles, her love?
 If this her worst, how should her best inflame?
 What passions would her milder favours move?
 Favours, I think, would sense quite overcome,
 And that makes happy lovers ever dumb.

* Displeases.

† A musical term.

UNTO the boundless ocean of thy beauty
Runs this poor river, charged with streams of zeal ;
Returning thee the tribute of my duty,
Which here my love, my youth, my plaints reveal.
Here I unclasp the book of my charged soul,
Where I have cast the accounts of all my care :
Here have I summed my sighs ; here I enroll
How they were spent for thee ; look what they are :
Look on the dear expenses of my youth,
And see how just I reckon with thine eyes ;
Examine well thy beauty with my truth,
And cross my cares, ere greater suns arise.
Read it, sweet maid, though it be done but slightly,
Who can shew all his love, doth love but lightly.

AND whither, poor Forsaken, wilt thou go,
To go from Sorrow, and thine own Distress ?
When every place presents like face of woe,
And no remove can make thy sorrows less ?
Yet go, Forsaken ; leave these woods, these plains :
Leave her and all, and all for her, that leaves
Thee and thy love forlorn, and both disdains ;
Seek out some place ; and see if any place
Can give thee, least release unto thy grief :
Convey thee from the thought of thy disgrace,
Steal from thyself, and be thy care's own thief.
But yet what comforts shall I hereby gain ?
Bearing the wound I needs must feel the pain.

WILLIAM HABINGTON,

descended from an ancient Romanist family of Hendlip in Worcester-shire, was born on the 5th of November, 1605. He received his education at the Jesuit's college, St. Omer's, intending to have become one of its members; but his tastes and feelings led him differently. On his return from France, he became deeply enamoured of Lucy Herbert, daughter of Lord Powis, (the immortalized Castara of the Poet's true affection). She was of noble birth, and descended from the gallant and heroic Percys, on both sides of high lineage; her haughty relations did not approve of their union; the opposition of her friends was, however, only sufficient to excite more ardour on his side, and to call forth more tenderness on hers.

Habington's Poems were divided into three parts; first, "The Mistress," or Poems to the Lady Lucy, during his courtship; the second, "The Wife," on which is engrafted, "The Friend;" the third, "The Holy Man," which consists of devotional pieces. "The Mistress" is a lovely picture of Lucy Herbert in the days of their courtship; and who ever wrote more sweetly on a mistress? but "Only she, who hath as great a share in virtue, as in beaultie, deserves a noble love to serve her, and a free poesie to speak her." His was a pure and noble passion, "built upon that rock which may safely contemn the battery of the waves, and the threatenings of the wind." Truly did she deserve the warm and virtuous heart that celebrated her under that title. But, as "The Wife," his devoted affection to her is still more beautiful; he truly experienced that

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's Love!"

She was his friend, and his companion—the sharer of all his joys, and all his sorrows. The amatory poetry of Habington is that of a man who regards woman as a highly intellectual being. This admirable husband survived his beloved Castara, the date of whose death is unknown; but it must have been early, as he himself died in the prime of life, on the 30th of November, 1654.

TO CASTARA, PRAYING.

I saw Castara pray; and from the skie
 A wingèd legion of bright angels flie,
 To catch her vowes, for feare her virgin prayer
 Might chance to mingle with impurer aire.
 To vulgar eyes, the sacred truth I write
 May seem a fancie. But the eagle's sight
 Of saints, and poets, miracles oft view,
 Which to dull heretickes appear untrue.
 Faire zeal begets such wonders. O divine
 And purest beauty ! let me thee enshrine
 In my devoted soule, and from thy praise
 T' enrich my garland—pluck religious bays.
 Shine thou the starre by which my thoughts shall move,
 Best subject of my pen, queene of my love.

TO CASTARA, SOFTLY SINGING TO HERSELFE.

Sing forth, sweete cherubim, (for we have choice
 Of reasons, in thy beauty and thy voyce,
 To name thee so and scarce appeare prophane;)
 Sing forth, that while the orbs celestiaall straine
 To echo thy sweet note, our human eares
 May then receive the musicke of the spheares.
 But yet take heede, lest if the swans of Thames,
 That adde harmonious pleasure to the streames,
 O' th' sudden heare thy well divided breath,
 Should listen, and in silence welcome death :
 And ravisht nightingales, striving too high
 To reach thee, in the emulation die.
 And thus there will be left no bird to sing
 Farewell to the waters, welcome to the spring.

TIME TO THE MOMENTS, ON SIGHT OF CASTARA.

You younger children of your father, stay,
 Swift flying moments (which divide the day,
 And with your number measure out the yeare
 In various seasons) stay and wonder here.
 For since my cradle, I so bright a grace
 Ne'er saw, as you see in Castara's face;
 Whom Nature to revenge some youthfull crime
 Would never frame, till age had weakened time.
 Else spight of fate, in some faire forme of clay
 My youth I'de 'bodied, throwne my scythe away,
 And broke my glasse. But since that cannot be,
 I'll punish Nature for her injurie.

On, nimble moments! on your journie flie;
 Castara shall, like me, grow old, and die.

TO CASTARA, UPON A TREMBLING KISSE AT DEPARTURE.

THE Arabian wind, whose breathing gently blows
 Purple to the violet, blushes to the rose,
 Did never yield an odour such as this:
 Why are you then so thrifty of a kisse,
 Authorized even by custome? Why doth feare
 So tremble on your lip, my lip being neare?
 Thinke you I, parting with so sad a zeale,
 Will act so blacke a mischiefe, as to steale
 Thy roses thence? And they, by this device
 Transplanted, somewhere else force Paradise?
 Or else you feare, lest you, should my heart skip
 Up to my mouth, t'encounter with your lip,
 Might rob me of it; and be judged in this,
 T'have Judas-like betraid me with a kisse.

TO CASTARA, VENTURING TO WALKE TOO FAR IN THE
NEIGHBOURING WOOD.

DARE not too farre, Castara; for the shade,
This courteous thicket yields, hath man betrayed
A prey to wolves: to the wilde pow'rs o' th' wood,
Oft travellers pay tribute with their blood.
If careless of thy selfe, of me take care;
For, like a ship, where all the fortunes are
Of an adventurous merchant, I must be,
If thou shouldst perish, vanquerout in thee.
My feares have mocked me. Tygers, when they shall
Behold so brighte a face, will humbly fall
In adoration of thee. Fierce they are
To the deformed, obsequious to the faire.
Yet venture not; 'tis nobler far to sway
The heart of man, than beasts, who man obey.

TO THE WINTER.

WHY dost thou looke so pale, decrepit man?
Why doe thy cheekes curle, like the ocean,
Into such furrows? Why dost thou appeare
So shaking like an ague to the yeare?
The sunne is gone. But yet Castara stayes,
And will add stature to thy pigmy days,
Warm moisture to thy veynes: her smile can bring
Thee, the sweet youth and beauty of the spring.
Hence with thy pulse then, as a bridegroom led
To th' holy fane. Banish thy aged ruth.
That virgins may admire and court thy youth:
And the approaching sunne, when he shall find
A spring without him, fall since useless, blinde.

TO CASTARA, AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE.

THIS day is ours. The marriage angell now
 Sees th' altar, in the odour of our vow,
 Yield a more precious breath than that which moves
 The whispering leaves in the Panchayan groves.
 View how his temples shine, in which he weares
 A wreath of pearle, made of those precious teares
 Thou wepst a virgin, when crosse winds did blow,
 Our hopes disturbing in their quiet flow.
 But now, Castara, smile! no envious night
 Dares interpose itselfe t' eclipse the light
 Of our clear joyes. For even the laws divine
 Permit our mutuall love so to entwine,

That kings, to balance true content, shall say:
 "Would they were great as we, we blest as they."

TO CASTARA, INVITING HER TO SLEEPE.

SLEEPE, my Castara! silence doth invite
 Thy eyes to close up day: though envious light
 Grieves, Fate should her the sight of them debarre;
 For she is exiled, while they open are.
 Rest in thy peace secure. With drowsy charmes
 Kinde sleepe bewitcheth thee unto her armes;
 And finding where Love's chieftest treasure lies,
 Is like a thief stole under thy bright eyes.
 Thy innocence rich as the gaudy quilt
 Wrought by the Persian hand, thy dreames from guilt
 Exempted, Heaven with sweete repose doth crowne
 Each virtue softer than the swan's famed downe.

As exorcists wild spirits mildly lay,
 May sleepe thy fever calmly chase away.

TO CASTARA, UPON A SIGH.

I HEARD a sigh, and something in my eare
 Did whisper what my soul before did feare,
 That it was breathed by thee; may the easie spring,
 Enriched with odours, wanton on the wing
 Of the easterne wind; may ne'er his beauty fade,
 If he the treasure of this breath conveyed:
 'Twas thine by the musicke which th' harmonious breath
 Of swans is like, prophetic in their death:
 And the odour; for as it the nard expires,
 Perfuming, phoenix-like, his funerall fires,
 The winds of Paradise send such a gale,
 To make the lover's vessels calmly saile
 To his loved port. This shall, where it inspires,
 Increase the chaste, extinguish unchaste fires.

TO CASTARA, AGAINST OPINION.

WHY should we build, Castara, in the aire
 Of fraile opinion? Why admire as faire,
 What the weake faith of man gives us for right?
 The juggling world cheates but the weaker sight.
 What is in greatnesse happy? As free mirth,
 As ample pleasures of th' indulgent earth,
 We joy, who, on the ground our mansion finde,
 As they, who saile, like witches, in the wind
 Of court applause.—What can their powerful spell
 Over enchanted man more than compel
 Him into various formes? Nor serves their charme
 Themselves to good, but to worke others harme.
 Tyrant Opinion but depose, and we
 Will absolute i' th' happiest empire be.

TO CASTARA, MELANCHOLY.

WERE but that sigh a penitential breath
 That thou art mine, it would blow with it death,
 T'enclose me in my marble, where I'd be
 Slave to the tyrant wormes, to set thee free.
 What should we envy? Though with larger saile
 Some dance upon the ocean; yet more fraile
 And faithlesse is that wave, than where we glide,
 Blest in the safety of a private tide.
 We still have land in ken; and 'cause our boat
 Dares not affront the weather, we'll ne'er float
 Farre from the shore. To daring them, each cloud
 Is big with thunder: every winde speaks loud:
 And rough wilde rockes about the shore appeare;
 Yet virtue will find room to anchor there.

TO CASTARA, UPON THOUGHT OF AGE AND DEATH.

THE breath of Time shall blast the flow'ry spring,
 Which so perfumes thy cheeke, and with it bring
 So dark a mist, as shall eclipse the light
 Of thy faire eyes in an eternal night.
 Some melancholy chamber of the earth,
 (For that, like Time, devours whom it gave birth,)
 Thy beauties shall entombe, while all who e'er
 Loved nobly, offer up their sorrows there.
 But I, whose grieve no formal limits bound,
 Beholding the darke caverne of that ground,
 Will there immure my selfe. And thus I shall
 Thy mourner be, and my own funerall.
 Else by the weeping magicke of my verse,
 Thou hadst revived to triumph o'er thy hearse.

TO CASTARA, HOW HAPPY, THOUGH IN AN OBSCURE FORTUNE.

WERE we by Fate throwne downe below our feare,
 Could we be poore? Or question Nature's care
 In our provision? She who doth afford
 A feathered garment fit for every bird,
 And only voice enough t' expresse delight:
 She who apparels lillies in their white,
 As if in that she'd teach man's duller sense,
 Who are highest, should be so in innocence:
 She who in damask doth attire the rose,
 (And man to himself a mockery to propose,
 'Mong whom the humblest judges grow to sit,)
 She, who in purple clothes the violet:

If thus she cares for things even voyd of sense,
 Shall we suspect in us her providence?

LOVE'S ANNIVERSARIE: TO THE SUNNE.

THOU art returned, (great light,) to that blest houre
 In which I first by marriage, sacred power,
 Joyned with Castara, hearts; and as the same
 Thy lustre is, as then, so is our flame;
 Which had increast, but that by Love's decree
 'Twas such at first, it ne'er could greater be.
 But tell me, (glorious lampe,) in thy surveye,
 Of things below thee, what did not decaie
 By age to weaknesse? I, since that, have seene
 The rose bud forth and fade, the tree grow greene
 And wither, and the beauty of the field
 With winter wrinkled. Even thy selfe dost yield
 Something to Time, and to thy grave fall nigher;
 But virtuous love is one sweet endless fire.

TO CASTARA.

WHY should we feare to melt away in death?
 May we but die together. When beneath,
 In a coole vault, we sleepe, the world will prove
 Religious, and call it the shrine of love.
 There, when o' the wedding eve some beauteous maid,
 Suspicious of the faith of man, hath paid
 The tribute of her vowes, o' the sudden she
 Two violets sprouting from the tomb will see,
 And cry out: "Ye sweet emblems of their zeale
 Who live below, sprang ye up to reveale
 The story of our future joyes, how we,
 The faithful patterns of their love, shall be?
 If not, hang down your heads, opprest with dew,
 And I will weepe and wither hence with you."

TO CASTARA, ON WHAT WE WERE BEFORE OUR CREATION.

WHEN Pelion, wond'ring, saw that raine, which fell
 But now from angry Heaven, to heavenward swell:
 When the Indian Ocean did the wanton play,
 Mingling its billowes with the Balticke sea,
 And the whole earth was water: O where, then,
 Were we, Castara? In the fate of men
 Lost underneath the waves? Or to beguile
 Heaven's justice, lurked we in Noah's floating isle?
 We had no being then. This fleshly frame,
 Wed to a soule long after, hither came
 A stranger to itselfe. Those months, that were
 But the last age, no news of us did heare—
 What pomp is then in us? who th' other day
 Were nothing; and in triumph now, but clay.

TO THE MOMENT LAST PAST.

O WHITHER dost thou flie? cannot my vow
 Intreat thee tarry? Thou wert here but now,
 And thou art gone: like ships which plough the sea,
 And leave no print for man to tracke their way.
 O, unseene wealth! who thee did husband, can
 Outvie the jewels of the ocean,
 The mines of the earth! One sigh well spent in thee,
 Had beene a purchase for eternity!
 We will not lose thee then. Castara, where
 Shall we find out his hidden sepulchre?
 And we'll revive him. Not the cruel stealth
 Of fate shall rob us of so great a wealth:
 Undone in thrift! while we besought his stay,
 Ten of his fellow moments fled away.

TO CASTARA, ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF LOVE.

WHERE sleeps the northe wind when the south inspires
 Life in the Spring, and gathers into quires
 The scattered nightingales? Whose subtle ears
 Hearde first the harmonious language of the spheres?
 Whence hath the stone magnetic force t' allure
 The enamoured iron? From a seede impure,
 Or natural, did first the mandrake grow?
 What power in the ocean makes it flow?
 What strange material is the azure sky
 Compacted of? of what its brightest eye,
 The ever-flaming sunne? What people are
 In th' unknown world? what worlds in every star?—
 Let curious fancies at these secrets rove:
 Castara, what we know we'll practise,—Love.

HIS MUSE SPEAKS TO HIM.

THY vowes are hearde, and thy Castara's name
Is writ as faire i' the register of Fame,
As th' ancient beauties which translated are
By poets up to Heaven : each there a starre.
And though imperial Tiber boast alone
Ovid's Corinna, and to Arne is knowne
But Petrarch's Laura : while our famous Thames
Doth murmur Sydney's Stella to her streames ;
Yet hast thou Severne left, and she can bringe
As many quires of songs as they to sing
Thy glorious love : which living, shall by thee
The only sovereign of those waters be :
Fixed in Love's firmament no starre shall shine
So nobly faire, so purely chaste as thine.

GEORGE WITHER,

The son of a plain country gentleman, was born at Bentworth, Hampshire, in 1588. At the age of sixteen, he was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford. His father, however, not approving of the acquaintance which his son there formed with the Muses, recalled him shortly afterwards with the intention of devoting him to agricultural pursuits. In opposition to this wish of his parent, Wither made his way to London, and entered at Lincoln's Inn. In 1613, he published some satires, for which he was committed to the Marshalsea prison. On his release he led a most unsettled life, and after complaining of the treatment he experienced from the booksellers, he showed his independence of them by printing with his own hands, "Britain's Remembrance," the largest of all his works. Wither sold his paternal estate at the time of the civil wars, in order to raise a troop of horse for the Parliament. He was taken prisoner and in danger of being hanged, but at the intercession of a fellow-poet his life was spared. He subsequently held a post under Cromwell, but at the Restoration evil fortune again pursued him. He was committed first to Newgate, and afterwards to the Tower, on account of his angry writings, which were deemed libellous. Whether he died in prison is uncertain, but it is known that he perished in indigence and obscurity about the year 1667.

WHAT is the cause, when elsewhere I resort
I have my gestures and discourse more free?
And, if I please, can any beauty court,
Yet stand so dull and so demure by thee.
Why are my speeches broken, whilst I talk?
Why do I fear almost thy hand to touch?
Why dare I not embrace thee as we walk?
Since with the greatest nymphs I've dared as much.
Ah! know that none of these I e'er affected,
And therefore used a careless courtship there;
Because I neither their disdain respected,
Nor reckoned them nor their embraces dear.
But loving thee my love hath found content,
And rich delight in things indifferent.

WHY covet I thy blessèd eyes to see,
Whose sweet aspect may cheer the saddest mind?
Why, when our bodies must divided be,
Can I no hour of rest or pleasure find?
Why do I sleeping start, and waking moan,
To find that of my dreamèd hope I miss?
Why do I often contemplate alone
Of such a thing as thy perfection is?
And wherefore, when we meet, doth passion stop
My speechless tongue, and leave me in a panting?
Why doth my heart, o'ercharged with fear and hope,
(In spite of reason) almost droop to fainting?
Because in me thy excellencies moving,
Have drawn me to an excellence in loving.

FAIR since thy virtues my affections move,
And I have vowed my purpose is to join
In an eternal bond of chastest love
Our souls, to make a marriage most divine;
Why (thou mayest think) then seemeth he to prize
An outward beauty's fading hue so much?
Why doth he read such lectures in mine eyes,
And often strive my tender palm to touch?
O, pardon my presuming! for I swear,
My love is soiled by no lustful spot;
Thy soul's perfections through those veils appear,
And I half faint that I embrace them not.
No foul desires doth make thy touches sweet,
But my soul striveth with thy soul to meet.

ON A STOLEN KISS.

Now gentle sleep hath closèd up those eyes,
Which waking kept my boldest thoughts in awe;
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
From whence I long the rosie breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
From those two melting rubies one poor kiss:
None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
Nor rob I her of aught that she can miss:—
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little sign I had done so.
Why then should I this robbery delay?
O! she may wake and therewith angry grow.
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

TO ANNE, QUEEN OF JAMES I. ON THE DEATH OF HENRY
PRINCE OF WALES.

For our fair Queen my grief is no less moving,—
There's none could e'er more justly boast of child:
For he was every way most nobly loving,
Most full of manly courage, and yet mild.
Methinks I see what heavy discontent
Beclouds her brow, and over shades her eyne;
Yea, I do feel her loving heart lament;
An earnest thought conveys the grief to mine.
I see she notes the sadness of the court,
Thinks how that here, or there, she saw him last;
Remembers his sweet speech, his graceful sport,
And such like things to make her passion last.
But what mean I? let grief my speeches smother,
No tongue can tell the sorrows of the mother.

TO PRINCE CHARLES, AFTERWARDS CHARLES I.

NOR thine, sweet CHARLES! nor thine, ELIZABETH!
Though one of you have gained a principedom by it:
The grief he hath to have it by the death
Of his sole brother, makes his heart deny it.
Yet let not sorrow's black obscuring cloud,
Quite cover and eclipse all comfort's light;
Though one faint star above our height doth shroud,
Let not the earth be left in darkness quite.
Thou, CHARLES! art *now* our hope: God grant it be
More certain than our last; we trust it will;
Yet we shall have a loving fear of thee:
The burn'd child the fire much dreadeth still.
But God loves his, and whate'er sorrows threat,
I one day hope to see him Charles the Great.

SEE, see, fair Princess! I but named thee yet,
Meaning thy woes within my breast to smother;
But on my thoughts they do so lively beat,
As if I heard thee sighing, *Oh my Brother!*
Methinks I heard thee calling on his name,
With plaining on his too ungentle fate;
And sure the *sisters* were well worthy blame,
To shew such spite to one that none did hate.
I know thou sometimes musest on his face,
(Fair as a woman's, but more manly fair,)
Sometime upon his shape, his speech and pace,
A thousand ways thy griefs themselves repair.
And oh! no marvel, since your sure-pure loves,
Were nearer, dearer, than the turtle doves.

TO THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, AFTERWARDS QUEEN OF
BOHEMIA.

THY brother's well, and would not change estates
With any Prince that reigns beneath the sky;
No, not with all the world's great Potentates:
His plumes have borne him to Eternity.
He reigns o'er *Saturn* now, that reigned o'er him:
He fears no Planet's dangerous aspect,
But doth above their constellations climb,
And earthly joys and sorrows both neglect.
We saw he had his spring amongst us here;
He saw his summer, but he skipt it over,
And autumn now hath ta'en away our dear;
The reason's this, which we may plain discover,
 He shall escape (for so th' Almighty wills)
 The stormy winter of ensuing ills.

PRINCE HENRY dead! what voice is that we hear?
Am I awake, or dream I, tell me whether?
If this be true, if this be true, my dear,
Why do I stay behind thee to do either?
Alas! my fate compels me; I must bide
To share the mischiefs of this present age:
I am ordained to live till I have tried
The very worst and utmost of their rage.
But then, why mourn I not to open view,
In sable robes, according to the rites?
Why is my hat without a branch of yew?
Alas! my mind no compliment delights,
 Because my grief that ceremony loathes,
 Had rather be in heart than seen in clothes.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND,

son of Sir Robert Drummond, was born at Hawthornden, on the 13th of December, 1585. He was educated at the High School at Edinburgh, and completed his studies at the University. He was sent on foreign travel by his father, where he remained four years; on his return, he devoted himself to literature, and successfully cultivated his poetical taste. His first work was prose, entitled "The Cypress Grove." About the same time he composed his "Flowers of Sion," or "Spiritual Poems." He was attached to a Lady of the name of Cunningham, of an honourable and ancient family, beautiful and highly educated, possessing like himself an enthusiastic love for retirement and all the varied charms of nature. Her early death caused a deep melancholy to pervade his mind, and induced him again to seek in foreign travel that relief, which he in vain sought at home; a home rendered insupportable by her sad loss. While abroad he formed acquaintance with men of letters, which amused his mind, improved his taste, and taught him to subdue the too keen sensibility of his heart. He returned to England after an absence of eight years, and in his forty-fifth year married Elizabeth Logan, granddaughter of Sir Robert Logan. This lady immediately interested his heart, by the very strong resemblance which she bore to the long lamented object of his first affections.

The Sonnets of Drummond are considered to be formed on the model of Petrarch; they are written in a tender and delicate style. Drayton and Ben Jonson were the intimate friends and correspondents of Drummond. Ben Jonson, at the age of forty-five, walked from London to Hawthornden, to visit his friend.

Few have surpassed in moral worth, the Poet of Hawthornden; he was skilled in languages, a lover of the fine arts; passionately devoted to music, and touched the lute with uncommon skill and effect. He died on the 4th of December, 1649, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

DEAR wood! and you, sweet solitary place,
Where I, estrangèd from the vulgar, live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace :
What snaky eye, grown jealous of my pace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When sun advancing in his glorious race,
Beyond the Twins, doth here our pole arrive?
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be from bondage free,
Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,
Sweet flow'ry place, I first did learn of thee.
Ah! if I were my own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' stateliest courts.

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own.
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love :
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed, which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams—to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights;
Woods, harmless shades, have only true delights.

SONNET TO THE BEAUTIFUL MISS CUNNINGHAM.

O SACRED blush, empurpling cheeks, pure skies
 With crimson wings, which spread thee like the morn;
 O bashful look, sent from those shining eyes,
 Which though slid down on earth doth heaven adorn:
 O tongue, in which most luscious nectar lies,
 That can at once both bless and make forlorn;
 Dear coral lip, which beauty beautifies,
 That trembling stood before her words were born;
 And you, her words;—words?—no, but golden chains,
 Which did enslave mine ears, ensnare my soul;
 Wise image of her mind—mind that contains
 A power all power of senses to control:
 So sweetly you from love's "dear hope warn" me,
 That I love more, if more my love can be.

SONNET TO THE SAME.

TRUST not, sweet soul, those curlèd waves of gold,
 With gentle tides that on your temples flow;
 Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow;
 Nor snow of cheeks, with Tyrian grain enrolled:
 Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe,
 When first I did their azure rays behold;
 Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
 Than of the Thracian harper have been told.
 Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
 Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
 Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
 And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes.
 The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers,
 Shall' once, ah me! not spare that spring of yours.

SEE Cytherèa's birds, that milk-white pair,
On yonder leafy myrtle-tree, which groan,
And waken with their kisses in the air,
Th' enamoured zephyrs murmuring one by one :
If thou but sense hadst like Pygmalion's stone,
Or hadst not seen Medusa's snaky hair,
Love's lessons thou might'st learn : and learn, sweet fair,
To summer's heat, e'er that thy spring be grown.
And if those kissing lovers seem but cold,
Look that elm this ivy doth embrace,
And binds and clasps with many a wanton fold,
And courting sleep, o'ershadows all the place ;
Nay, seems to say, Dear tree, we shall not part,
In sign whereof, lo ! in each leaf a heart!

WHAT doth it serve to see the sun's bright face,
And skies enamelled with the Indian gold ?
Or moon at night in jetty chariot rolled,
And all the glory of that starry place ?
What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold,
The mountain's pride, the meadow's flow'ry grace,
The stately comeliness of forests old,
The sport of floods which would themselves embrace ?
What doth it serve to hear the sylvan's songs,
The cheerful thrush, the nightingale's sad strains,
Which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs ?
For what doth serve all that this world contains,
Since she, for whom those once to me were dear,
Can have no part of them now with me here ?

Oh! burning thoughts, now let me take some rest,
And your tumultuous broils awhile appease :
Is't not enough, stars, fortune, love, molest
Me all at once, but ye must too displease ?
Let hope, though false, yet lodge within my breast ;
My high attempt, though dangerous, yet praise :
What though I trace not right heaven's steepy ways,
It doth suffice my fall shall make me blest.
I do not dote on days, I fear not death,
So that my life be good, I wish't not long ;
Let me renowned live from the worldly throng,
And when Heaven lists, recall this borrowed breath.
Men but like visions are,—time doth all claim—
He lives, who dies, to win a lasting name.

SONNET AFTER THE DEATH OF MISS CUNNINGHAM.

SWEET Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Thou turn'st, sweet Spring ;—but ah! my pleasant hours,
And happy days with thee come not again ;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sour.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, wanton, amiable and fair ;
But she, whose breath embalmed thy wholesome air,
Is gone ; nor gold nor gems can her restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
Whilst thine forgot lie closèd in a tomb,

SONNET ON THE SAME.

My Lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds on thee their ramage did bestow.
Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe ?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear ;
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear,
Be, therefore, silent as in woods before :
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widowed turtle still her loss complain.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT OF HIS LOSS.

O it is not to me, bright lamp of day,
That in the east thou show'st thy golden face ;
O it is not to me thou leav'st that sea,
And in those azure lists beginn'st thy race.
Thou shin'st not to the dead in any place ;
And I dead from this world am past away,
Or if I seem, a shadow, yet to stay,
It is a while but to bewail my case :
My mirth is lost, my comforts are dismayed,
And unto sad mishaps their place do yield ;
My knowledge represents a bloody field,
Where I my hopes and helps see prostrate laid.
So plaintful is life's course which I have run,
That I do wish it never had begun.

ON THE SAME, TO ALEXANDER EARL OF STIRLING.

ALEXIS, here she strayed ; among these pines,
Sweet hermitress, she did alone repair ;
Here did she spread the treasures of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Indian mines :
She set her by these musky eglantines,
The happy place the print seems yet to bear ;
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugared lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend their ear :
Me here she first perceived, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face ;
Here did she sigh ; here first my hopes were born,
And I first got a pledge of promised grace.
But, ah ! what served it to be happy so,
Sith passed pleasures double but new woe ?

ON THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

A PASSING glance, a light'ning 'long the skies,
Which ush'ring thunder, dies straight to our sight ;
A sparke that doth from jarring mixtures rise,
Thus drowned is in the huge depths of day and night ;
Is this small trifle, life,—held in such price,
Of blinded wights, who ne'er judge aught aright.
Of Parthian shaft so swift is not the flight
As life,—that wastes itself, and living dies.
Ah ! what is human greatness, valour, wit !
What fading beauty, riches, honour, praise ?
To what doth serve in golden thrones to sit,
Thrall earth's vast round, triumphal arches raise ?
That's all a dream, learn in this lady's fall,
In whom, save death, nought mortal was at all.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

DEAR quirister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing dawn dare shew her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends,
(Become all ear,) stars stay to hear thy plight;
If one, whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune, who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
Tell me, (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing!) for what thou thus complains,
Sith, winter gone, the sun in dappled sky
Enamoured smiles on woods and flowery plains!
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings, sobbed forth, I love, I love.

Now, while the Night her sable veil hath spread,
And silently her resty coach doth roll,
Rousing with her from Tethys' azure bed
Those starry nymphs which dance about the pole;
While Cynthia, in purest cyprus cled,
The Latmian shepherd in a trance describes,
And whiles looks pale from height of all the skies,
Whiles dyes her beauties in a bashful red;
While Sleep, in triumph closèd hath all eyes,
And birds and beasts a silence sweet do keep,
And Proteus' monstrous people in the deep,
The winds and waves hushed up to rest entice;
I wake, muse, weep, and who my heart hath slain,
See still before me to augment my pain.

TO SLEEP.

SLEEP, Silence' child ! sweet father of soft rest !
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief oppressed :
Lo ! by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possessed !
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas ! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come ! but with that face
To inward light, which thou art wont to show,
With feignèd solace ease a true-felt woe ;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath !
I long to kiss the image of my death.

I know that all beneath the moon decaies,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In Time's great periods shall return to nought ;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays,
With toil of spright which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few, or none, are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty, like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords ;
That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under reason's power :
Know what I list, all this cannot me move,
But that, alas ! I both must write and love.

Look how the flower which King'ingly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did rise, how low the head;
Nigh as my life, contentments being dead,
Or in their confusion but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than e'er it spread,
And blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
As doth the pilgrim therefore when the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aight
Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting day:
 They run posts westwards, paus'd in thy morn,
 And twice it is not given thee to be born.

BESEATH a sable veil, and shadows deep,
Of inaccessible and dimming light,
In silence, ebon clouds more black than night,
The world's great Mind his secrets hid doth keep:
Through those thick mists when any mortal wight
Aspires, with halting pace, and eyes that weep,
To pry, and in his mysteries to creep,
With thunders he and lightnings blasts their sight.
O Sun invisible, that dost abide
Within thy bright abysses, most fair, most dark,
Where with thy proper rays thou dost thee hide,
O ever-shining, never full-seen mark,
 To guide me in life's night, thy light me show:
 The more I search of thee the less I know.

SONNET ADDRESSED TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
 Of winter's past, or coming, void of care,
 Well-pleasèd with delights which present are,
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs :
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
 Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
 And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
 A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
 What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs,
 Attired in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
 Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven ?
 Sweet artless songster, thou my mind doth raise
 To airs of spheres, yea, and to angel's lays.

More oft than once Death whispered in mine ear,
 'Grave what thou hear'st in diamond and in gold ;
 I am that monarch whom all monarchs fear,
 Who have in dust their far-stretched pride uprolled.
 All, all is mine, beneath moon's silver sphere ;
 And nought, save Virtue, can my power withhold ;
 This, not believed, experience true thee told,
 By danger late when I to thee came near.
 As bugbear then my visage I did show,
 That of my horrors thou right use might'st make,
 And a more sacred path of living take :
 Now still walk armed for my ruthless blow ;
 Trust flattering life no more, redeem time past,
 And live each day as if it were thy last.

As when it happeneth, that some lovely town
 Unto a barbarous besieger falls,
 Who there by sword and flames himself instals,
 And, cruel, it in tears and blood doth drown ;
 Her beauty spoiled, her citizens made thralls,
 His spite yet so cannot her all throw down,
 But that some statue, arch, fane of renown,
 Yet lurks unmaimed within her weeping walls ;
 So after all the spoil, disgrace and wreck,
 That time, the world, and death, could bring combined,
 Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,
 Safe and all searless yet remains my mind ;
 From this so high transcending rapture springs,
 That I, all else defaced, not envy kings.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
 A beauty fading like the April flowers,
 A sweet with fouds of gall that runs combined,
 A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
 An honour that more fickle is than wind,
 A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
 A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
 A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind ;
 A vaine delight our equalls to command,
 A stile of greatnesse, in effect a dreame,
 A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
 A servile lot, deck't with a pompous name ;
 Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
 Till wisest death make us our errors know.

SONNET.

ON this fair volume, which we, World, do name,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care
Of Him who it corrects, and did frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,
Find out His power, which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence, extending everywhere,
His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same :
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with coloured vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold ;
Or if by chance we stay our minds in aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

THE weary mariner so fast not flies
An howling tempest, harbour to attain ;
Nor shepherd hastes, when frays of wolves arise,
So fast to fold, to save his bleating train ;
As I, winged with contempt and just disdain,
Now fly the world and what it most doth prize,
And sanctuary seek, free to remain
From wounds of abject times and envy's eyes.
Once did this world to me seem sweet and fair,
While senses' light mind's prospective kept blind :
Now like imagined landscape in the air—
And weeping rainbows—her best joys I find,
Or if aught here is had that praise should have,
It is a life obscure, and silent grave.

THE INSTABILITY OF MORTAL GLORY.

TRIUMPHING chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
Sky-threat'ning arches, the rewards of worth,
Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious lays,
Which men divine into the world set forth:
States which ambitious minds in blood do raise,
From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange,
Gigantic frames held wonders rarely strange,
Like spider's webs are made the sport of days.
Nothing is constant but inconstant change;
What's done still is undone, and when undone
Into some other fashion doth it range;
Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon;
Wherefore my mind above time, motion, place,
Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

TO ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING.

THOUGH I have *twice* been at the doors of Death,
And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn,
This but a light'ning is, truce ta'en to breathe,
For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.
Amid thy sacred cares and courtly toils,
Alexis, when thou shalt hear wand'ring fame
Tell Death hath triumphed o'er my mortal spoils,
And that on earth I am but a sad name:
If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss, these joys, heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the Maids of Jove,
To grave this short remembrance on my grave:
Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometimes grace
The murmuring Esk:—may roses shade the place!

IN PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE, ADDRESSED BY SIR
ROBERT KERR, SUBSEQUENTLY EARL OF ANCRAM, TO
WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

SWEET solitary life ! lovely dumb joy,
That needst no warnings how to grow more wise
By other men's mishaps, nor thee annoy,
Which from sore wrongs done to one's self doth rise,
The morning's second mansion, truth's first friend,
Never acquainted with the world's vain broils,
Where the whole day to our own use we spend,
And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils.
Most happy state ! that never takes revenge
For injuries receivèd, nor dost fear
The court's great earthquake, the grievèd truth of change;
Nor none of falsehood's savoury lies dost hear;
Nor know'st Hope's sweet disease, that charms our sense,
Nor its sad cure—dear-bought Experience !

JOHN MILTON,

the son of a Scrivener, was born in the parish of All Hallows, in the city of London, on the 9th of December, 1608. He passed his youth in intense study. Poetry, as it soothed the later and afflicted days of his life, gilded also his early hours. He entered Cambridge, but remained there for a very short time; his parents destined him from a child to the service of the church, but this did not suit his principles. Some short time after he travelled abroad, and visited the much injured Galileo; at the period of Milton's visit, Galileo was seventy-five years old, blind, and had been twice imprisoned by the Inquisition for supposed heresy. But what a fine and interesting picture the handsome and youthful Milton, the blind and venerable Galileo—how affecting the interview: what unfeigned and reverential awe must he have felt in the presence of this great and good old man. Often must Milton have recalled to his mind in after years that interview, when he himself old and blind, was composing his immortal poem. The above interview is beautifully described in a sonnet, by the late Dr. Drake.

"The west'ring sun had shed his farewell ray
On Arcetri, as Milton with deep awe,
Entering the abode of Galileo, saw
That great and god-like man in act to pray:—
The beams of heaven glowed on his tresses gray,
But his shrunk eye-balls sought their light in vain:—
'Father,' he cried, 'thy son shall not complain,
But spare, he prays thee, spare his mental day!'—
O, be it mine! exclaimed the youthful bard,
When fallen on evil days, to copy thee,
And, whilst contending for truth's fond regard,
Ask light from heaven, nor heed what men decree!
It shall be thine, a seraph voice replied,
Pass but a few short years, and be your fates allied?"

While abroad, Milton acknowledged the influence of Lenora Baroni, La Bella Adriana; the music of her voice, as well as the beauty of her person, he has celebrated in his Italian sonnets. Lenora was also a poetess, and composed many songs; her talents were various, and her charms captivating. She was celebrated by many poets, among whom our Milton shines conspicuous, and by them immortality has been given to her name.

On his return to England, he entered deeply into politics. Above soliciting office, he remained in his occupation of Schoolmaster until 1649, when he received an appointment in the Foreign Office. He was married three times;—his first wife was utterly unworthy of him: the second, his "espoused saint," was speedily taken from him: the third, the youthful partner of his advanced years, devoted herself to him, with the tenderest solicitude, until his death, on Sunday the 8th of November, 1674.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O, NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
 First heard before the shallow cuckow's bill,
 Portend success in love; O, if Jove's will
 Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh:
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
 Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

TO CARLO DIODATI.

DIODATI, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar solea
 E de suoi lacei spesso mi ridea
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s' impiglia.
 Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia,
 M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgar d'amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa luna,
 E degli occhi suoi avventa sì gran fuoco
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING SONNET, BY COWPER.

CHARLES—and I say it wondering—thou must know
 That I, who once assumed a scornful air,
 And scoffed at Love, am fallen into his snare;
 (Full many an upright man has fallen so.)
 Yet think me not thus dazzled by the flow
 Of golden locks, or damask rose; more rare
 The heartfelt beauties of my foreign fair!
 A mien majestic, with dark brows, that show
 The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind,—
 Words exquisite, of idioms more than one;
 And song, whose fascinating power might bind,
 And from her sphere draw down the lab'ring moon;
 With such fire-darting eyes, that should I fill
 Mine ears with wax, she would enchant me still!

TO LEONORA BARONI.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante,
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
 Farò divoto; io certo a prove tante
 L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S'arma di se, e d'intero diamante;
 Tanto del forse, e d'invidia sicuro,
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use,
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
 E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING SONNET, BY COWPER.

ENAMOURED, artless, young, on foreign ground,
 Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
 To thee, dear Lady, with an humble sigh,
 Let me devote my heart, which I have found,
 By certain proofs not few, intrepid, sound,
 Good, and addicted to conceptions high:
 When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky,
 It rests in adamant, self-wrapt around,
 As safe from envy and from outrage rude,
 From hopes and fears that vulgar minds abuse,
 As fond of genius and fixt solitude,
 Of the resounding lyre and every muse.
 Weak you will find it in one only part,
 Now pierced by Love's immedicable dart.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE
YEARS.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arrived so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
 Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
 And hope that reaps not shame: Therefore be sure,
 That, when the bridegroom with his faithful friends
 Comes to bless at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gained thy entrance, Virgin, wine, and pure.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
 Of England's Council, and her Treasury,
 Who lived in both unstained with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
 Struck him,—as that dishonest victory
 At Cheriton, fatal to liberty,
 Killed with report that old man eloquent.
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourished, yet by you,
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true.
 And to possess them, honoured Margarets.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE THOMPSON.

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, called life ; which us from life doth sever.
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour
Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod ;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Followed thee up to joy, and bliss, for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams,
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure, immortal streams.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world, and wide ;
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide ;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?"
I fondly ask : But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts ; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state
Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
 L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
 Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
 Qual tuo spirito gentil non innamora,
 Che dolcanente mostra sì di fuora
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
 E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
 La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
 Grazia sola di sù gli vaglia, inanti
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING SONNET BY LANGHORNE.

O LADY fair, whose honoured name is borne
 By that soft vale, where Rhine so loves to stray,
 And sees the tall arch crown his watery way;
 Sure happy he, though much the Muses scorn,
 Too dull to die beneath thy beauty's ray,
 Who never felt that spirit's charmed sway,
 Which gentle smiles and gentle deeds adorn,
 Though in those smiles are all Love's arrows worn,
 Each radiant virtue tho' those deeds display!
 Sure happy he, who that sweet voice should hear,
 Mould the soft speech, or swell the tuneful strain,
 And, conscious that his humble vows were vain,
 Shut fond attention from his closèd ear;
 Who, piteous of himself, should timely part,
 Ere love had held long empire in his heart!

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunira di sera
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera,
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua nella
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso,
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch'Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh! foss 'il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno,
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING SONNET BY LANGHORNE.

As o'er yon wild hill, when the browner light
 Of evening falls, the village maiden hies
 To foster some fair plant with kind supplies;
 Some stranger plant, that yet in tender plight
 But feebly buds, ere spring has opened quite
 The soft affections of serenest skies:
 So I, with such like gentle thought devise
 This stranger tongue to cultivate with care,
 All for the sake of lovely lady fair,
 And tune my lays in language little tried
 By such as wont to Tamis' banks repair,
 Tamis forsook for Arno's flowery side,—
 So wrought Love's will that ever ruleth wide!

PER certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia
Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia alba rivien colma di rose.

THOMAS EDWARDS.

ON A FAMILY PICTURE.

WHEN pensive on that portraiture I gaze,
Where my four brothers round about me stand,
And four fair sisters smile with graces bland,
The goodly monument of happier days;
And think how soon insatiate Death, who preys
On all, has cropped the rest with ruthless hand,
While only I survive of all that band
Which one chaste bed did to my father raise;
It seems, that like a column left alone,
The tottering remnant of some splendid fane,
'Scaped from the fury of the barbarous Gaul,
And wasting Time, which has the rest o'erthrown,
Amidst our house's ruins I remain,
Single, unpropped, and nodding to my fall.

TO THE AUTHOR OF OBSERVATIONS ON THE CONVERSION AND APOSTLESHIP OF ST. PAUL.

O LYTTTELTON, great meed shalt thou receive,
Great meed of fame, thou and thy learned compeer,
Who, 'gainst the sceptic's doubt, and scorner's sneer,
Assert those heaven-born truths, which you believe!
In elder time thus heroes wont t'achieve
Renown; they held the faith of Jesus dear,
And round their ivy crown or laurelled spear,
Blushed not Religion's olive branch to weave:
Thus Raleigh, thus immortal Sidney shone,
(Illustrious names!) in great Eliza's days.
Nor doubt His promise firm, that such who own
In evil times, undaunted though alone,
His glorious truth, such He will crown with praise,
And glad agnize before his Father's throne.

THOMAS WARTON,

born in 1728, was educated at St. Mary's College, Winchester, and afterwards at Trinity, Oxford, where he passed his days in retirement, though as a scholar and critic well known to the literary world; in that retirement he cultivated his poetic taste. He beautifully expresses his love of poeie in his "Ode to Summer."

"O ever to sweet poeie
Let me live true votary!
She shall lead me by the hand,
Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!
She from her precious stores shall shed
Ambrosial flow'rets o'er my head:
She, from my tender youthful cheek
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
The secret and unpitied tear,
Which still I drop in darkness drear."

His Sonnets are considered to possess much beauty of diction, and are polished and elegantly turned. Warton was some time Poet Laureate to George the Third. He died, aged sixty-two, in 1790.

WRITTEN AT WINSLADE, IN HAMPSHIRE.

WINSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
Mantled, thy chequered views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
'Gan the grey mist with orient purple stain,
Or evening glimmered o'er the folded train:
Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn,
Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain:
Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, since He far distant strays,
With whom I traced their sweets at eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
That still they can recall those happier days.

ON BATHING.

WHEN late the trees were stript by winter pale,
Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
Or like the forest's silver-quivered queen,
On airy uplands met the piercing gale ;
And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
But since, gay-throned in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale,
She to the cave retires, high-arched beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' towery brim :
And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON HOUSE.

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bowers,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart !
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous towers,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours !
Vain the complaint : for Fancy can impart
(To Fate superior and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall :
She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall ;
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty bloom,
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

TO THE RIVER LODON.

AH! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath thy azure sky and golden sun:
Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive Memory traces back the round,
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream, those skies and suns so pure
No more return, to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flowed,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestowed.

ON KING ARTHUR'S ROUND-TABLE AT WINCHESTER.

WHERE Venta's Norman castle still uprears
Its raftered hall, that o'er the grassy foss,
And scattered flinty fragments clad in moss,
On yonder steep in naked state appears,
High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
Old Arthur's Board: on the capacious round
Some British pen has sketched the names renowned,
In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
Though joined by magic skill, with many a rhyme,
The Druid frame, unhonoured, falls a prey
To the slow vengeance of the wizard Time,
And fade the British characters away;
Yet Spenser's page, that chaunts in verse sublime
Those chiefs, shall live, unconscious of decay.

WHILE Summer suns o'er the gay prospect played,
Through Surry's verdant scenes, where Epsom spreads
'Mid intermingling elms her flowery meads,
And Hascomb's hill in towering groves arrayed
Reared its romantic steep, with mind serene
I journied blythe. Full pensive I returned ;
For now my breast with hopeless passion burned.
Wet with hoar mists appeared the gaudy scene,
Which late in careless indolence I past ;
And autumn all around those hues had cast
Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
Sad change, that nature a congenial gloom
Should wear when most, my cheerless mood to chase,
I wished her green attire and wonted bloom.

TO MR. GRAY.

Nor that her blooms are marked with beauty's hue,
My rustic muse her votive chaplet brings ;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings !
While slowly pacing through the churchyard dew,
At curfew-time beneath the dark-green yew,
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings,
Or borne sublime on inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race with murthurs foul defiled :
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay ?
No, bard divine ! For many a care beguiled
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptured thought and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

DECEMBER MORNING.

I LOVE to rise ere gleams of tardy light,
Winter's pale dawn ; and as warm fires illume,
And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Through misty windows bend my musing sight,
Where, round the dusky lawn, the mansions white,
With shutters closed, peer faintly through the gloom,
That slow recedes ; while yon grey spires assume,
Rising from their dark pile, an added height
By indistinctness given. Then to decree
The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
To friendship or the Muse, or seek with glee
Wisdom's rich page ! O hours more worth than gold,
By whose blest use we lengthen life, and free
From drear decays of age, outlive the old !

ON THE EXPIRING YEAR.

Lo, the year's Final Day ! Nature performs
Its obsequies with darkness, wind and rain ;
But man is jocund. Hark, th' exultant strain
From towers and steeples drowns the wintry storms !
No village-spire but to the cots and farms,
Right merrily, its scant and tuneless peal
Rings round. Ah, joy ungrateful, mirth insane !
Wherefore the senseless triumph, ye, who feel
This annual portion of brief life the while
Depart for ever ? Brought it no dear hours
Of health and night-rest ? none that saw the smile
On lips beloved ? O, with as gentle powers
Will the next pass ? Ye pause—yet careless hear
Strike these last hours, that knell th' Expiring Year !

TO SPRING.

IN April's gilded morn when south winds blow,
And gently shake the hawthorn's silver crown,
Wafting its scent the forest-glade adown,
The dewy shelter of the bounding doe,
Then, under trees, soft tufts of primrose show
Their palely-yellowing flowers ; to the moist sun
Blue harebells peep, while cowslips stand unblown,
Plighted to riper May ; and lavish flow,
The lark's loud carols in the wilds of air.
O ! not to Nature's glad enthusiast cling
Avarice and pride. Through her now blooming sphere
Charmed as he roves, his thoughts enraptured spring
To Him, who gives frail man's appointed time
These cheering hours of promise and of prime.

ANON.

FROM DODSLEY'S COLLECTION.

YOUNG, fair, and good! ah, why should young, and fair,
And good be huddled in untimely grave?
Must so sweet flower so brief a period have,
Just bloom and charm, then fade and disappear?
Yet ours the loss, who ill, alas! can spare
The bright example which thy virtues gave;
The guerdon thine, whom gracious Heaven did save
From longer trial in this vale of care.
Rest then, sweet saint, in peace and honour rest,
While our true tears bedew thy maiden hearse.
Light lie the earth upon thy lovely breast;
And let a grateful heart with grief oppressed,
To thy dear memory consecrate this verse,
Though all too mean for who deserves the best,

COWPER.

TO MRS. UNWIN.

MARY ! I want a lyre with other strings ;
Such aid from Heaven, as some have feigned they drew !
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new,
And undebased by praise of meaner things !
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth, with honour due,
In verse as musical, as thou art true,
Verse, that immortalizes whom it sings !
But thou hast little need. There is a book,
By seraphs writ, with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look ;
A chronicle of actions, just and bright !
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

TO G. ROMNEY, ESQ.

ROMNEY! expert, infallible to trace,
 On chart or canvass, not the form alone,
 And 'semblance, but, however faintly shewn,
 The mind's impression too on every face,
 With strokes that time ought never to erase :
 Thou hast so pencilled mine, that though I own
 The subject worthless, I have never known
 The artist shining with superior grace.
 But this I mark, that symptoms none of woe
 In thy incomparable work appear :
 Well! I am satisfied, it should be so,
 Since, on maturer thought, the cause is clear ;
 For in my looks what sorrow could'st thou see,
 While I was Hayley's guest, and sat to thee ?

TO H. COWPER, ESQ., ON HIS DELIVERY OF THE DEFENCE
 OF WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ. IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

COWPER, whose silver voice, tasked sometimes hard,
 Legends prolix delivers in the ears
 (Attentive when thou read'st) of England's peers,
 Let verse at length yield thee thy just reward.
 Thou wast not heard with drowsy disregard,
 Expending late on all that length of plea
 Thy generous powers : but silence honoured thee,
 Mute as e'er gazed on orator or bard.
 Thou art not voice alone, but hast beside
 Both heart and head ; and could'st with music sweet
 Of Attic phrase and senatorial tone,
 Like thy renowned forefathers, far and wide
 Thy fame diffuse, praised not for utterance meet
 Of *others'* speech, but magic of *thy own*.

THOMAS GRAY.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST.

IN vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire :
The birds in vain their amorous descant join ;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire :
These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require :
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men :
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear :
To warm their little loves the birds complain :
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY.

ON A LOCKET CONTAINING THE HAIR OF PENELOPE.*

BRIGHT, crisped threads of pure translucent gold !
Ye, who were wont with zephyr's breath to play,
O'er the warm cheek and ivory forehead stray ;
Or clasp her neck in many an amorous fold ;

Now, motionless, this little Shrine must hold ;
No more to wanton in the eye of day,
Or to the breeze your changeful hues display ;
For ever still, inanimate, and cold !

Poor, poor, last relic of an angel face !
Sad setting ray, no more thy orb is seen !
O, Beauty's pattern, miracle of grace,

Must this be all that tells what thou hast been !
Come then, cold crystal, on this bosom lie,
Till love, and grief, and fond remembrance die !

* Penelope, the only child of Sir Brooke and Dame Susanna Boothby, born April the 11th, 1785, died March the 13th, 1791. There is a beautiful and pathetic monument raised to her memory, executed with exquisite grace, by Banks, in Ashbourne Church, Derbyshire. There are four inscriptions round the monument, in Latin, Italian, French and English ; on the English side are the following words.

" I was not in safety, neither had I rest, and the trouble came."—Job, iii., 26th verse.

She was in form and intellect most exquisite ;
The unfortunate parents ventured their all
On this frail bark, and the wreck was total !

" Few (they say) who look upon this monument, will seek to know more than what the marble figure tells—it speaks all languages, and its words are, ' I died young and pure, and my spirit is with the blessed.' "

RICHARD POLWHELE.

TO HIS INFANT MARIA.

As ' my dear Babe! thou smil'st on the tear
That hangs upon thy Mother's falling cheek;
Eager as thou wert wont, her voice to hear—
But her heart swells with grief too full to speak.
To sit thy bosom, in the same cold bed,
The weeps.—O'er our the wintry storm hath past;
And there, another rests his Babe's head
Fresh pillow'd. But they feel not the keen blast!
O'er their pale and the whistling winds may sweep—
Incessant of the tempest, they repose:
There undisturbed, sweet innocents! they sleep
From human passions free, from human weep.
Yet dear Maria! thy, my Babe, are free
From ill that weal perhaps, is store for thee!

IN THE SAME.

! in thy art divine, a more full many a flower,
Perhaps from pain: 'twere offering, who despise
The word of transient difference, and crown
Each smiling morn'g with virtue's prime.
! in thy smile the secret wilderness
Of life, were thou'd thy gentle spirit lead
None of the unending million, as shall bloom
With warm sunbeams, thy sacred mind.
But mark not the fond look, the specious smile:
Nor deem that 't is the path the morning light
Of friendship beams. Alas! 't is but the guile,
That with the pure, the most radiant smile!
How hard their art, who see no value more,
To shed the honey dew for friendship's sake!

ON THE FAIRY RING.

O CIRCLE, where erst the lightning's lance
With its keen azure shot thy wavy way ;
Or—such the tales of village maidens, say—
The merry Fayes (what time their troops advance
To thread the fleeting mazes of the dance,
While bends dim Iris in the lunar ray)
Formed as they tripped, with many a twinkling glance,
Thy ring, to speak their revels to the day ;
Still fancying, lovely Circle, that I trace,
Amid the features of the fading dyes,
The little footsteps of the faery race—
Still, 'round the springing verdure, shall arise,
In soft relief, thy gently-curving grace—
Too trivial but for fond poetic eyes !

ON EVENING.

Tho' now pale Eve, with many a crimson streak
Soft fading, tips the lime-invested hill ;
And though blue steams emerging from the lake
Roll curling on, and hover o'er the rill ;
The smoke, that slow evolves its pillared form
From yonder straw-roofed cottage, sweetly throws
O'er my hushed bosom a superior charm,
And seems to breathe a cherub-like repose !
With its grey column to yon sapphire cloud,
Stealing in stillness, the calm mind ascends—
The unruffled line, though lost amid the shroud
Of heaven, in fancy rising never ends !
Thus ever may my tranquil spirit rise—
Free from the gust of passion—to the skies !

JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

ON A STORMY SEA PROSPECT.

How fearful 'tis to walk the sounding shore,
When lowers the sky, and winds are piping loud !
And round the beach the tearful maidens crowd,
Scared at the swelling surge and thunder's roar.
High o'er the cliffs the screaming sea-mews soar,
Lost is the adventurous bark in stormy cloud,
The shrill blast whistles through the fluttering shroud ;
And, lo ! the gallant crew, that erst before
Secure rode tilting o'er the placid wave,
Scarce know to stem the black and boisterous main,
And view with eyes aghast their watery grave,—
So fares it with the breast of him, the Swain,
Who quits Content for mad Ambition's lore ;
Short are his days, and distant far the shore.

ON A CALM SEA PROSPECT.

How pleasant 'tis to walk the silent shore,
When scarce the humming tide can reach mine ear!
Of scattered mist, the sun dispels the rear,
And birds of calm the distant wave explore;
And safe in craggy bay the bark doth moor,
Whose streamers proud and slackened sails appear
Deep in the glassy pool reflected clear:
And, lo, the crew, all blithe, to part no more
From happy native fields, in artless rounds
Provoke the lively dance! the smiling main
With shouts and mirth and merriment resounds:
So fares it with the breast of him, the Swain,
Who quits Ambition for Contentment's lore;
For joyful are his days, and near the shore.

ON THE EVENING.

WHAT numerous votaries 'neath thy shadowy wing,
O mild and modest Evening, find delight!
First to the grove, his lingering fair to bring,
The warm and youthful lover, hating light,
Sighs oft for thee. And next the boisterous string
Of school-imps, freed from dame's all-dreaded sight.
Round village cross, in many a wanton ring,
Wishes thy stay. Then too with vasty might,
From steeple's side to urge the bounding ball,
The lusty hinds await thy fragrant call.
I, friend to all by turns, am joined with all,
Lover, and elfin gay, and harmless hind;
Nor heed the proud, to real wisdom blind,
So as my heart be pure, and free my mind.

TO THE RED-BELLIED.

I say that the birds put on their gay attire,
 Turn about at a dear trill or sweet & hoarse.
 While the gay thrush sings loud from covert dim :
 But what pale Winter brings the snow-fair,
 And meads with snow are spread and vales with mire.
 Then earth is as with thy soft and sweet hymn
 From battlement or hill or haycock trim :
 And now the winter moves, as if for hire,
 Thy swelling pipe to me, waiting to catch
 The promise due to thy well-warbled song :
 Sweet bird, sing on ! for oft near lonely hatch,
 Like thee, Myself have pleased the rustic throng,
 And oft for entrance, 'neath the peaceful thatch,
 Full many a tale have told and ditty long.

As when, to one who long hath watched, the Morn
 Advancing, slow forewarns the approach of day,
 'What time the young and flowery-kirtled May
 Decks the green hedge and dewy grass unshorn
 With cowslips pale and many a whitening thorn ;)
 And now the Sun comes forth, with level ray
 Gilding the high wood-top and mountain grey ;
 And, as he climbs, the meadows 'gins adorn ;
 The rivers glisten to the dancing beam,
 The awakened birds begin their amorous strain,
 And hill and vale with joy and fragrance teem ;
 Such is the sight of thee ; thy wished return
 To eyes, like mine, that long have waked to mourn,
 That long have watched for light, and wept in vain.

ON THE MORNING.

RINGS the shrill peal of dawn, gay chanticleer,
Thrice warning that the day-star climbs on high,
And pales his beam as Phoebus' car draws nigh;
Now, ere the lawns or distant cribs appear,
Or ere the crows from wattled sheep-cote veer
Their early flight, or wakeful herdsman's eye
Discerns the smoky hamlet, let me ply
My daily task, to guide the labouring steer,
Plant the low shrub, remove the unsightly mound,
Or nurse the flower, or tend the humming swarms:
Thus ever with the Morn may I be found,
Far from the hunter-band's discordant yell;
So in my breast Content and Health shall dwell,
And conscious Bliss, and love of Nature's charms.

ON THE EVENING.

SLOW sinks the glimmering beam from western sky;
The woods and hills, obscured by Evening grey,
Vanish from mortal sight, and fade away.
Now with the flocks and yearlings let me hie
To farm, or cottage lone, where, perched hard by
On mossy pale, the red-breast tunes his lay,
Soft twittering, and bids farewell to-day:
Then whilst the watch-dog barks, and ploughmen lie
Lulled by the rocking winds, let me unfold
Whate'er in rhapsody, or strain most holy,
The hoary minstrel sang in times of old;
For, well I ween, from them the Nine inspire,
Wisdom shall flow, and Virtue's sacred fire,
And Peace, and Love, and heavenly Melancholy.

WRITTEN AT A FARM.

AROUND my porch and lowly casement spread,
The myrtle never-sere, and gadding vine,
With fragrant sweet-briar love to intertwine :
And in my garden's box-encircled bed
The pansy pied, and musk-rose white and red,
The pink and tulip, and honied woodbine,
Fling odours round ; the flaunting eglantine
Decks my trim fence, 'neath which, by silence led,
The wren hath wisely placed her mossy cell ;
And, far from noise, in courtly land so rife,
Nestles her young to rest, and warbles well.
Here in this safe retreat and peaceful glen
I pass my sober moments, far from men ;
Nor wishing death too soon, nor asking life.

ON CHRISTMAS.

WITH footstep slow, in furry pally clad,
His brows enwreathed with holly never-sere,
Old Christmas comes, to close the wanèd year ;
And aye the shepherd's heart to make right glad,
Who, when his teeming flocks are homeward had,
To blazing hearth repairs and nut-brown beer,
And views, well pleased, the ruddy prattlers dear
Hug the grey mongrel ; meanwhile maid and lad
Squabble for roasted crabs. Thee, sire, we hail,
Whether thine agèd limbs thou dost enshroud
In vest of snowy white and hoary veil,
Or wrapp'st thy visage in a sable cloud ;
Thee we proclaim with mirth and cheer, nor fail
To greet thee well with many a carol loud.

CHARLOTTE SMITH,

was the daughter of Nicholas Turner, Esq. of Sussex. When very young, she married Mr. Smith, the son of a West India merchant. The match was not one of attachment on either side, and was of course productive of many of the unhappy scenes she experienced. After going through a variety of difficulties, she retired to a convent in Normandy. Here her indigence became extreme, but by exerting her talents, she gained a maintenance. Mrs. Smith was the authoress of several novels. Her sonnets are considered to possess much poetical merit, and her style elegant; her misfortunes gave birth to that melancholy which pervades them. She died at Thetford, near Farnham, Surrey, in the year 1806.

TO THE MOON.

QUEEN of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast:
And oft I think—fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest:
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Released by death, to thy benignant sphere;
And the sad children of Despair and Woe
Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim, in this toiling scene!

TO NIGHT.

I LOVE thee, mournful, sober-suited Night !

When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veiled in clouds, with pale uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.

In deep depression sunk, the enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
And tell the embosomed grief, however vain,
To sullen surges and the viewless wind,
Tho' no repose on thy dark breast I find,

I still enjoy thee—cheerless as thou art ;
For in thy quiet gloom the exhausted heart
Is calm, tho' wretched ; hopeless, yet resigned.
While to the winds and waves its sorrows given,
May reach, tho' lost on earth, the ear of Heaven !

TO SPRING.

AGAIN the wood and long-withdrawing vale

In many a tint of tender green are drest,
Where the young leaves, unfolding, scarce conceal
Beneath their early shade, the half-formed nest
Of finch or woodlark ; and the primrose pale,
And lavish cowslip, wildly scattered round,
Give their sweet spirits to the sighing gale.

Ah ! season of delight !—could aught be found
To soothe awhile the tortured bosom's pain,
Of Sorrow's rankling shaft to cure the wound,
And bring life's first delusions once again,
'Twere surely met in thee !—thy prospect fair,
Thy sounds of harmony, thy balmy air,
Have power to cure all sadness—but despair !

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET poet of the woods—a long adieu !
Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year !
Ah ! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the "night's dull ear."
Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.
With cautious step, the love-lorn youth shall glide
Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest ;
And shepherd girls, from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird, who sings of pity best :
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow, and to love !

AT THE CLOSE OF THE SPRING.

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower, which she has nursed in dew ;
Anemonès, that spangled every grove ;
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegated the plain,
Till Spring anew shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again—
Ah ! poor humanity ! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away !
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring ;
Ah ! why has happiness no second spring ?

TO TRANQUILLITY.

IN this tumultuous sphere, for thee unfit,
How seldom art thou found, Tranquillity !
Unless 'tis when with mild and downcast eye
By the low cradles thou delight'st to sit
Of sleeping infants, watching the soft breath,
And bidding the sweet slumberers easy lie ;
Or, sometimes hanging o'er the bed of death,
Where the poor languid sufferer hopes to die.
O beauteous sister of the halcyon Peace !
I sure shall find thee in that heavenly scene
Where care and anguish shall their power resign ;
Where hope alike and vain regret shall cease ;
And Memory, lost in happiness serene,
Repeat no more—that misery has been mine !

ON THE GLOW-WORM.

WHEN on some balmy breathing night of Spring.
The happy child, to whom the world is new,
Pursues the evening moth, of mealy wing,
Or from the heath-bell shakes the sparkling dew ;
He sees before his inexperienced eyes,
The brilliant glow-worm like a meteor, shine
On the turf bank, surprised and pleased, he cries,
“Star of the dewy grass ! I make thee mine.”—
Then, ere he sleeps, collects the moistened flower
And bids soft leaves his glittering prize enfold,
And dreams that fairy lamps illume his bower ;
But in the morning, shudders to behold
His shining treasure viewless as the dust ;
So fade the world's bright joys to cold and blank disgust.

TO POESY.

SHOULD the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
And though his path through thorns and roughness lay,
Pluck the wild rose, or woodbine's gadding flowers,
Weaving gay wreaths beneath some sheltering tree,
The sense of sorrow he awhile may lose ;
So have I sought thy flowers, fair Poesy !
So charmed my way with Friendship and the Muse.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come :
Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb ;
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more.

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG WOMAN AGED 19.

O THOU ! who sleep'st where hazel bands entwine
The vernal grass, with paler violets drest ;
I would, sweet girl ! thy humble bed were mine,
And mine thy calm and enviable rest.
For never more, by humble ills opprest,
Shall thy soft spirit fruitlessly repine :
Thou canst not now thy fondest hope resign,
Even in the hour that should have made thee blest.
Light lies the turf upon thy gentle breast ;
And lingering here, to love and sorrow true,
The youth who once thy simple heart possessed,
Shall mingle tears with April's early dew ;
While still for him, shall faithful Memory save
Thy form and virtues from the silent grave.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE.—OCTOBER, 1784.

ON some rude fragment of the rocky shore,
Where on the fractured cliff the billows break,
Musing, my solitary seat I take,
And listen to the deep and solemn roar.
O'er the dark waves the winds tempestuous howl;
The screaming sea-bird quits the troubled sea:
But the wild gloomy scene has charms for me,
And suits the mournful temper of my soul.
Already shipwrecked by the storms of Fate,
Like the poor mariner methinks I stand,
Cast on a rock; who sees the distant land
From whence no succour comes—or comes too late;
Faint and more faint are heard his feeble cries,
Till in the rising tide the exhausted sufferer dies.

SIGHING I see yon little troop at play,
By sorrow yet untouched; unhurt by care;
While free and sportive they enjoy to-day,
“Content and careless of to-morrow's fare!”
O happy age! when hope's unclouded ray
Lights their green path, and prompts their simple mirth,
Ere yet they feel the thorns that lurking lay
To wound the wretched pilgrims of the earth,
Making them rue the hour that gave them birth,
And threw them on a world so full of pain,
Where prosperous folly treads on patient worth,
And, to deaf pride, misfortune pleads in vain!
Ah!—for their future fate how many fears
Oppress my heart—and fill mine eyes with tears!

TO FORTITUDE.

NYMPH of the rock ! whose dauntless spirit braves
 The beating storm, and bitter winds that howl
 Round thy cold breast ; and hear'st the bursting waves,
 And the deep thunder with unshaken soul ;
 Oh come !—and shew how vain the cares that press
 On my weak bosom—and how little worth
 Is the false fleeting meteor, Happiness,
 That still misleads the wanderers of the earth !
 Strengthened by thee, this heart shall cease to melt,
 O'er ills that poor humanity must bear ;
 Nor friends estranged, or ties dissolved be felt,
 To leave regret, and fruitless anguish there :
 And when at length it heaves its latest sigh,
 Thou and mild Hope shall teach me how to die !

WHILE thus I wander, cheerless and unblest,
 And find, in change of place, but change of pain ;
 In tranquil sleep the village labourers rest,
 And taste repose, that I pursue in vain.
 Hushed is the hamlet now ; and faintly gleam
 The dying embers from the casement low
 Of the thatched cottage ; while the moon's wan beam
 Lends a new lustre to the dazzling snow.—
 —O'er the cold waste, amid the freezing night,
 Scarce heeding whither, desolate I stray :
 For me ! pale Eye of Evening ! thy soft light
 Leads to no happy home ; *my* weary way
 Ends but in dark vicissitudes of care ;
 I only fly from doubt—to meet despair.

TO THE AMERICAN NIGHT-HAWK, COMMONLY CALLED BY
THE ANGLO-AMERICANS, "WHIP-POOR-WILL."

ILL-OMENED bird! whose cries portentous float
O'er yon savannah with the mournful wind,
While, as the Indian hears your piercing note,
Dark dread of future evil fills his mind—
Wherefore with early lamentations break
The dear delusive visions of repose?
Why from so short felicity awake
My wounded senses to substantial woes?
O'er my sick soul, thus roused from transient rest,
Pale Superstition sheds her influence drear,
And to my shuddering fancy would suggest,
Thou comest to speak of every woe I fear—
But aid me, Heaven! my real ills to bear,
Nor let my spirit yield to phantoms of despair.

WRITTEN ON THE SOUTH DOWNS, MAY, 1784.

SPRING's dewy hand on this fair summit weaves
The downy grass, with tufts of Alpine flowers,
And shades the beechen slopes with tender leaves,
And leads the shepherd to his upland bowers,
Strewn with wild thyme; while slow descending showers
Feed the green ear, and nurse the future sheaves.
—Ah, blest the hind—whom no sad thought bereaves
Of the gay season's pleasures!—All his hours
To wholesome labour given, or thoughtless mirth;
No pangs of sorrow past, or coming dread,
Bend his unconscious spirit down to earth,
Or chase calm slumbers from his careless head!
Ah! what to me can those dear days restore,
When scenes would charm that now I taste no more!

WRITTEN AT PENSHURST, IN AUTUMN, 1788.

YE towers sublime! deserted now and drear!
 Ye woods! deep sighing to the hollow blast,
 The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
 While History points to all your glories past:
 And startling from their haunts the timid deer,
 To trace the walks obscured by matted fern,
 Which Waller's soothing lyre were wont to hear,
 But where now clamours the discordant horn!
 The spoiling hand of Time may overturn
 These lofty battlements, and quite deface
 The fading canvass whence we love to learn
 Sydney's keen look, and Sacharissa's grace;
 But fame and beauty still defy decay,
 Saved by the historic page—the poet's tender lay!

WRITTEN DURING A THUNDER-STORM, IN WHICH THE
 MOON WAS PERFECTLY CLEAR.

WHAT awful pageants crowd the evening sky!
 The low horizon gathering vapours shroud,
 Sudden, from many a deep, embattled cloud
 Terrific thunders burst, and lightnings fly—
 While in serenest azure, beaming high,
 Night's regent, of her calm pavilion proud,
 Gilds the dark shadows that beneath her lie,
 Unvexed by all their conflicts fierce and loud.
 —So, in unsullied dignity elate,
 A spirit conscious of superior worth,
 In placid elevation firmly great,
 Scorns the vain cares that give Contention birth;
 And blest with peace above the shocks of Fate,
 Smiles at the tumult of the troubled earth.

THE GOSSAMER.

O'ER faded heath-flowers spun, or thorny furze,
The filmy gossamer is lightly spread;
Waving in every sighing air that stirs,
As fairy fingers had entwined the thread:
A thousand trembling orbs of lucid dew
Spangle the texture of the fairy loom,
As if soft Sylphs, lamenting as they flew,
Had wept departed Summer's transient bloom:
But the wind rises, and the turf receives
The glittering web.—So, evanescent, fade
Bright views that Youth, with sanguine heart, believes:
So vanish schemes of bliss, by Fancy made;
Which fragile as the fleeting dreams of morn,
Leave but the withered heath and barren thorn!

TO SNOWDROPS.

WAN heralds of the sun and summer gale!
That seem just fallen from infant Zephyr's wing;
Not now, as once, with heart revived I hail
Your modest buds, that for the brow of Spring
Form the first simple garland.—Now no more
Escaping for a moment all my cares,
Shall I, with pensive, silent, step explore
The woods yet leafless; where to chilling airs
Your green and pencilled blossoms, trembling, wave.
Ah! ye soft, transient, children of the ground,
More fair was she on whose untimely grave
Flow my unceasing tears! Their varied round
The seasons go; while I through all repine:
For fixed regret and hopeless grief are mine.

HE may be envied, who with tranquil breast
Can wander in the wild and woodland scene,
When summer's glowing hands have newly dressed
The shadowy forests, and the copses green ;
Who, unpursued by care, can pass his hours
Where briony and woodbine fringe the trees,
On thymey banks reposing, while the bees
Murmur "their fairy tunes in praise of flowers ;"
Or on the rock with ivy clad, and fern
That overhangs the osier-whispering bed
Of some clear current, bid his wishes turn
From this bad world ; and by calm reason led,
Knows, in refined retirement, to possess
By friendship hallowed—rural happiness !

JOHN KEATS,

born on the 29th of October, 1796. He was of humble origin, though possessing a refined and highly poetical mind. He received his education at Enfield, at the school of Mr. Clark, whose son having taste sufficient to appreciate the genius of his father's pupil, introduced him to Mr. Leigh Hunt, who was the means, through his Examiner, of bringing Keats before the notice of the public. He left his native land in 1820 for Italy, for the benefit of his health, and while there was invited by Shelley to take up his abode with him, which he would have done had life been granted to him; but the year after his arrival, he expired in the arms of his friend and companion, Mr. Severn: not long afterwards the ashes of the enthusiastic Shelley were consigned to the same resting-place. The poetry of Keats may be compared to a garden of luxuriant sweets. His sonnets bear delightful evidence of the fraternal affection which animated his bosom towards his brothers, who were the companions of his early days. They evince also that delicate texture of mind to whose happiness the sympathy and affection of those around him is as necessary as the common air of Heaven.

TO MY BROTHER GEORGE.

MANY the wonders I this day have seen :

The sun, when first he kissed away the tears

That filled the eyes of Morn ;—the laurell'd peers

Who from the feathery gold of evening lean ;—

The Ocean with its vastness, its blue green,

Its ships, its rocks, its caves, its hopes, its fears,—

Its voice mysterious, which whoso hears

Must think on what will be, and what has been.

E'en now, dear George, while this for you I write,

Cynthia is from her silken curtains peeping

So scantily, that it seems her bridal night,

And she her half-discovered revels keeping.

But what, without the social thought of thee,

Would be the wonders of the sky and sea ?

TO —.

HAD I a man's fair form, then might my sighs
 Be echoed swiftly through that ivory shell
 Thine ear, and find thy gentle heart ; so well
 Would passion arm me for the enterprize :
 But ah ! I am no knight whose foeman dies ;
 No cuirass glistens on my bosom's swell ;
 I am no happy shepherd of the dell,
 Whose lips have trembled with a maiden's eyes ;
 Yet must I doat upon thee,—call thee sweet,
 Sweeter by far than Hybla's honeyed roses,
 When steeped in dew, rich to intoxication.
 Ah ! I will taste that dew, for me 'tis meet,
 And when the moon her pallid face discloses,
 I'll gather some by spells, and incantation.

How many bards gild the lapses of time !
 A few of them have ever been the food
 Of my delighted fancy,—I could brood
 Over their beauties, earthly, or sublime :
 And often, when I sit me down to rhyme,
 These will in throngs before my mind intrude :
 But no confusion, no disturbance rude
 Do they occasion ; 'tis a pleasing chime.
 So the unnumbered sounds that evening store ;
 The songs of birds—the whispering of the leaves—
 The voice of waters—the great bell that heaves
 With solemn sound,—and thousand others more,
 That distance of recognizance bereaves,
 Make pleasing music, and not wild uproar.

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT ME SOME ROSES.

As late I rambled in the happy fields,
What time the skylark shakes the tremulous dew
From his lush clover covert;—when anew
Adventurous knights take up their dinted shields :
I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields,
A fresh-blown musk-rose ; 'twas the first that threw
Its sweets upon the summer : graceful it grew
As is the wand that queen Titania wields.
And, as I feasted on its fragrancy,
I thought the garden-rose it far excelled ;
But when, O Wells ! thy roses came to me,
My sense with their deliciousness was spelled :
Soft voices had they, that with tender plea
Whispered of peace, and truth, and friendliness unquelled.

TO SOLITUDE.

O SOLITUDE ! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings : climb with me the steep,—
Nature's observatory—whence the dell,
In flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
May seem a span ; let me thy vigils keep,
'Mongst boughs pavilioned, where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the fox-glove bell.
But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
Is my soul's pleasure ; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human kind,
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

TO MY BROTHERS.

SMALL, busy flames play through the fresh-laid coals,
 And their faint cracklings o'er our silence creep,
 Like whispers of the household gods, that keep
 A gentle empire o'er fraternal souls.
 And while, for rhymes, I search around the poles,
 Your eyes are fixed, as in poetic sleep,
 Upon the lore so voluble and deep,
 That aye at fall of night our care condoles.
 This is your birth-day, Tom, and I rejoice
 That thus it passes smoothly, quietly.
 Many such eves of gently-whispering noise
 May we together pass, and calmly try
 What are this world's true joys,—ere the great Voice,
 From its fair face shall bid our spirits fly.

KEEN fitful gusts are whispering here and there
 Among the bushes, half leafless and dry ;
 The stars look very cold about the sky,
 And I have many miles on foot to fare,
 Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air,
 Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,
 Or of those silver lamps that burn on high,
 Or of the distance from home's pleasant lair :
 For I am brimfull of the friendliness
 That in a little cottage I have found :
 Of fair-haired Milton's eloquent distress,
 And all his love for gentle Lycid' drowned ;
 Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,
 And faithful Petrarch gloriously crowned.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by :
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear,
That falls through the clear ether silently.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne ;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead :
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead

In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights ; for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never :

On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

was born at Nottingham on the 21st of August, 1785, in which town his father was a butcher. He gave early indications of the genius for which he was afterwards distinguished. At the age of fourteen, the loom of the hosier was selected as the future occupation of the poet, but his mother succeeded in having him placed in the office of an attorney. Desirous of academic distinction, he was induced in furtherance of his project, to publish in 1803 a small volume of poetry. The harsh treatment this met with in a review was the means of introducing him to Mr. Southey, who proved a kind and generous friend. At length the object of the young poet was gained; he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he rapidly gained the highest university honours. His devotion to study had however so much weakened his frame that life itself was the sacrifice, and he died on the 19th of October, 1806, in the twenty-first year of his age.

TO MY MOTHER.

AND canst thou, Mother, for a moment think,
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink,
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought! Where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

TO APRIL.

EMBLEM of life, see changeful April sail
In varying vest along the shadowy skies,
Now bidding summer's softest zephyrs rise,
Anon recalling winter's stormy gale,
And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail;
Then, smiling through the tear that dims her eyes,
While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes,
Promise of sunshine, not so prone to fail;
So, to us, sojourners in life's low vale,
The smiles of fortune flatter to deceive,
While still the Fates the web of misery weave.
So Hope exultant spreads her airy sail,
And from the present gloom the soul conveys
To distant summers and far happier days.

TO A NOVEMBER MOON.

SUBLIME, emerging from the misty verge
Of the horizon dim, thee, Moon, I hail,
As sweeping o'er the leafless grove, the gale
Seems to repeat the year's funereal dirge.
Now autumn sickens on the languid sight,
And leaves bestrew the wanderer's lonely way;
Now unto thee, pale arbitress of night,
With double joy my homage do I pay.
When clouds disguise the glories of the day,
And stern November sheds her boisterous blight,
How doubly sweet to mark the moony ray
Shoot through the mist from the ethereal height,
And, still unchanged, back to the memory bring
The smiles Favonian of life's earliest spring.

THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

God help thee, traveller, on thy journey far ;
 The wind is bitter keen, the snow o'erlays
 The hidden pits and dangerous hollow ways,
 And darkness will involve thee. No kind star
 To-night will guide thee, traveller ; and the war
 Of winds and elements on thy head will break,
 And in thy agonizing ear the shriek
 Of spirits howling on their stormy car
 Will often ring appalling ! I portend
 A dismal night ; and on my wakeful bed
 Thoughts, traveller, of thee will fill my head,
 And him who rides where winds and waves contend,
 And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to guide
 His lonely bark through the tempestuous tide.

WHAT art Thou, Mighty One ! and where thy seat ?
 Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
 And Thou dost bear within Thine awful hands
 The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet.
 Stern on Thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
 Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead noon,
 Or on the red wings of the fierce monsoon
 Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
 In the drear silence of the polar span
 Dost Thou repose ? or in the solitude
 Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
 Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood ?
 Vain thought ! the confines of His throne to trace,
 Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

SWEET to the gay of heart is Summer's smile,
Sweet the wild music of the laughing Spring;
But ah! my soul far other scenes beguile,
Where gloomy storms their sullen shadows fling.
Is it for me to strike the Idalian string—
Raise the soft music of the warbling wire,
While in my ears the howls of furies ring,
And melancholy wastes the vital fire?
Away with thoughts like these!—To some lone cave,
Where howls the shrill blast, and where sweeps the wave,
Direct my steps; there, in the lonely drear,
I'll sit remote from wordly noise, and muse
Till through my soul shall peace her balm infuse,
And whisper sounds of comfort in mine ear.

ON HEARING THE SOUNDS OF AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

So ravishingly soft upon the tide
Of the infuriate gust it did career,
It might have soothed its rugged charioteer,
And sunk him to a zephyr: then it died,
Melting in melody; and I descried,
Borne to some wizard stream, the form appear
Of druid sage, who on the far-off ear
Poured his lone song, to which the surge replied:
Or thought I heard the hapless pilgrim's knell,
Lost in some wild enchanted forest's bounds,
By unseen beings sung; or are these sounds
Such, as 'tis said, at night are known to swell
By startled shepherd on the lonely heath,
Keeping his night-watch sad, portending death?

YE unseen spirits, whose wild melodies,
At evening rising slow, yet sweetly clear,
Steal on the musing poet's pensive ear,
As by the woodspring stretched supine he lies ;
When he who now invokes you, low is laid,
His tired frame resting on the earth's cold bed,
Hold ye your nightly vigils o'er his head,
And chant a dirge to his reposing shade !
For he was wont to love your madrigals ;
And often by the haunted stream, that laves
The dark sequestered woodland's inmost caves,
Would sit and listen to the dying falls,
Till the full tear would quiver in his eye,
And his big heart would heave with mournful ecstasy.

GIVE me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my days,
And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.
While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
List to the mountain-torrent's distant noise,
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joys ;
But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more ;
And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

TO MY TAPER.

'Tis midnight. On the globe dead slumber sits,
And all is silence—in the hour of sleep,
Save when the hollow gust, that swells by fits,
In the dark wood roars fearfully and deep.
I wake alone to listen and to weep,
To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon burn ;
And, as still memory does her vigils keep,
To think of days that never can return.
By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,
My eye surveys the solitary gloom ;
And the sad meaning tear, unmixed with dread,
Tells thou dost light me to the silent tomb.
Like thee I wane ! like thine my life's last ray
Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away.

YES, 'twill be over soon ! This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain ;
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of unvaried pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before ;
Yon landscape smile, yon golden harvest grow,
Yon sprightly lark on mountain wing will soar,
When Henry's name is heard no more below.
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,—
They laugh in health, and future evils brave ;
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,
While I am mouldering in the silent grave.
God of the just, Thou gav'st the bitter cup ;
I bow to Thy behest, and drink it up.

TO CONSUMPTION.

GENTLY, most gently, on thy victim's head,
Consumption, lay thine hand! Let me decay,
Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
And softly go to slumber with the dead.
And if 'tis true what holy men have said,
That strains angelic oft foretell the day
Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,
O let the ærial music round my bed,
Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear;
That I may bid my weeping friends good bye
Ere I depart upon my journey drear;
And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,
LORD BYRON,

Born in London on the 22nd of January, 1788. He died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the 19th of April, 1824, engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that country to her ancient freedom and renown.

"He is now at rest;

And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,
Now dull in death. Yes, Byron, thou art gone,—
Gone, like a star that thro' the firmament
Shot, and was lost, in its eccentric course
Dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,
Was generous, noble—noble in its scorn
Of all things low or little; nothing there
Sordid or servile.

* * * * *
If in thy life
Not happy, in thy death thou surely wert,
Thy wish accomplished; dying in the land
Where thy young mind had caught etherial fire,
Dying in GREECE, and in a cause so glorious!"

TO GENEVRA.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features—caught
From contemplation—where serenely wrought,
Seems Sorrow's oftness charmed from its despair—
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
That—but I know thy blessèd bosom fraught
With mines of unalloyed and stainless thought—
I should have deemed thee doomed to earthly care.
With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
(Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)
The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—
Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent!
With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue scorn.

TO THE SAME.

Thy cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
 And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush
 Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
 My heart would wish away that ruder glow:
 And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but, oh!
 While gazing on them, sterner eyes will gush,
 And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
 Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.
 For, through thy long, dark lashes low depending,
 The soul of melancholy gentleness
 Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending;
 Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;
 At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
 I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

TO LAKE LEMAN.

ROUSSEAU—VOLTAIRE—OUR GIBBON—and DE STAEL,—
 Lemans! these names are worthy of thy shore,
 Thy shore of names like these!—wert thou no more,
 Their memory thy remembrance would recall:
 To them thy banks were lovely as to all,
 But they have made them lovelier, for the lore
 Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
 Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
 Where dwelt the wise and wondrous; but by *thee*,
 How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we feel,
 In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
 The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
 Which of the heirs of immortality
 Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real!

TRANSLATION FROM VITTORELLI.

ON A NUN.

COMPOSED IN THE NAME OF A FATHER, WHOSE DAUGHTER HAD
RECENTLY DIED SHORTLY AFTER HER MARRIAGE; AND ADDRESSED
TO THE FATHER OF HER WHO HAD LATELY TAKEN THE VEIL.

"Di due vaghe donzelle, oneste, accorte, &c."

OF two fair Virgins, modest, though admired,
Heaven made us happy; and now wretched sires;
Heaven for a nobler doom their worth desires,
And gazing upon *either, both* required.
Mine, while the torch of Hymen newly fired
Becomes extinguished, soon—too soon—expires;
But thine, within the closing grate retired,
Eternal captive, to her God aspires.
But *thou*, at least, from out the jealous door,
Which shuts between your never-meeting eyes,
May'st hear her sweet and pious voice once more:
I to the marble, where *my* daughter lies,
Rush—the swollen flood of bitterness I pour,
And knock, and knock, and knock—but none replies.

WILLIAM SOTHEY,

the eldest son of Colonel Sotheby of the Guards, was born in London, on the 9th of November, 1757. He received his education at Harrow, and afterwards entered the army, which he quitted in 1780, and resided for some time at Beirs Mount, near Southampton, a place which had been celebrated by frequent visits of Pope. Eventually he resided in London, where he died December 30th, 1833. Mr. Sotheby's commencing the translation of Homer, which he lived to complete after he had passed his seventieth year, is a remarkable instance of the energy of his character.

A MOTHER TO HER SLEEPING CHILD.

“Ah, happy child ! when hanging o’er thy sleep,
A mother fondly bends, watching the while
Upon thy glowing cheek the dimpled smile
Soft playing, as the breeze that fans the deep
In the mild summer noon : oh ! may this sigh,
That will have way, not rudely smite thine ear !
Nor, dropping on thy placid brow, this tear
Wake thee !—at sight of grief, thou knowest not why,
Poor babe ! thy sympathizing tear might flow.
Sleep on, nor taste before thy time the woe
That racks me, fearful of thy future doom.
How bright thy dawn of life !—ah, may thy eve
Set thus unclouded by misfortune’s gloom !
Sleep then in peace, nor hear the sigh I heave.”

THE FIRESIDE.

LET others hail the youthful year, when springs
Loveliest on hill and dale the blooming flower ;
Or, wandering where deep woods the path embower,
View the warm tints that autumn gradual flings
Upon the foliage of the quivering trees :
Me, nor on hill and dale the flowers that blow,
Nor woods in autumn tints that warmly glow,
So charm, as winter, when the bitter breeze
Mournfully howls along the barren plain ;
And falls the flaky snow, and pelting rain
Beats hard the roof : my social hearth around
Then friends long absent meet : now lingering keep
Vigils o'er plaintive tales that lure from sleep ;
Now join the festive board where mirth and joy resound.

THE WINTER'S MORN.

ARTIST unseen ! that dipt in frozen dew
Hast on the glittering glass thy pencil laid,
Ere from yon sun the transient visions fade,
Swift let me trace the forms thy fancy drew !
Thy towers and palaces of diamond hue,
Rivers and lakes of lucid crystal made,
And hung in air hoar trees of branching shade,
That liquid pearl distil :—thy scenes renew
Whate'er old bards, or later fictions feign,
Of secret grottos underneath the wave,
Where Nereids roof with spar the amber cave ;
Or bowers of bliss, where sport the fairy train,
Who, frequent by the moonlight wanderer seen,
Circle with radiant gems the dewy green.

A FANCY SKETCH.

I KNEW a gentle maid : I ne'er shall view
Her like again : and yet the vulgar eye
Might pass the charms I traced regardless by :
For pale her cheek, unmarked with roseate hue ;
Nor beamed from her mild eye a dazzling glance ;
Nor flashed her nameless graces on the sight ;
Yet beauty never woke such pure delight.
Fine was her form, as Dian's in the dance ;
Her voice was music ; in her silence dwelt
Expression, every look instinct with thought :
Though oft her mind by youth to rapture wrought
Struck forth wild wit, and fancies ever new,
The lightest touch of woe her soul would melt :
And, on her lips, when gleamed a lingering smile,
Pity's warm tear gushed down her cheek the while :
Thy like, thou gentle maid ! I ne'er shall view.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,

The son of a clergyman, was born in October, 1772, at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he pursued his studies with so much zeal and perseverance, that he became Grecian, or captain of the school. He was then entered at Jesus College, Cambridge. Three years afterwards he left the University, and returned to London, where, after wandering about the streets for some days, he enlisted in the 15th Dragoons. A Latin sentence written by him on the stable wall, and seen by an officer, led to the discovery of who he was, and procured him his discharge. In 1795, he married, and subsequently visited Germany. On his return to England, he renounced Unitarianism, which he had formerly professed, and died a firm believer in the doctrines of Christianity, on the 25th of July, 1834, at the house of his devoted friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, at Highgate, with whom he had resided the last nineteen years of his life.

TO GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

As when far off the warbled strains are heard,
That soar on morning's wing the vales among,
Within his cage the imprisoned matin bird
Swell's a full chorus with a generous song:
He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,
No father's joy, no lover's bliss he shares,
Yet still the rising radiance cheers his sight—
His fellow's freedom soothes the captive's cares;
Thou, Fayette! who didst wake with startling voice
Life's better sun from that long wintry night,
Thus in thy country's triumphs shalt rejoice,
And mock with raptures high the dungeon's might:
For, lo! the morning struggles into day,
And slavery's spectres shriek, and vanish from the ray.

TO GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my love! sweet Genevieve;
In beauty's light you glide along:
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice, as seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow:
Within your soul a voice there lives!
It bids you hear the tale of woe.
When sinking low, the sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretcht to save;
Fair, as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And, *therefore*, love I you, sweet Genevieve!

SWEET Mercy! how my very heart has bled
To see thee, poor old man! and thy grey hairs
Hoar with the snowy blast; while no one cares
To clothe thy shrivelled limbs and palsied head.
My father! throw away this tattered vest
That mocks thy shivering! Take my garment—use
A young man's arm. I'll melt these frozen dews
That hang from thy white beard, and numb thy breast.
My Sara, too, shall tend thee, like a child:
And thou shalt talk, in our fire-side's recess,
Of purple pride, that scowls on wretchedness.
He did not scowl, the Galilean mild,
Who met the lazar turned from rich man's doors,
And called him friend, and wept upon his sores!

PALE roamer through the night! thou poor forlorn!
Remorse, that man on his death-bed possess,
Who in the credulous hour of tenderness
Betrayed, then cast thee forth to want and scorn!
The world is pitiless; the chaste one's pride,
Mimic of virtue, scowls on thy distress;
Thy kindred, when they see thee, turn aside,
And vice alone will shelter wretchedness!
O! I am sad to think, that there should be
Men, born of woman, who endure to place
Foul offerings on the shrine of misery,
And force from famine the caress of love!
Man has no feeling for thy sore disgrace:
Keen blows the blast upon the moulting dove!

TO MRS. SIDDONS.

As when a child, on some long winter's night
Affrighted, clinging to its grandam's knees,
With eager wondering, and perturbed delight,
Listens strange tales of fearful dark decrees,
Muttered to wretch by necromantic spell;
Or of those hags, who at the witching time
Of murky midnight, ride the air sublime,
And mingle foul embrace with fiends of hell:
Cold horror drinks its blood! Anon the tear
More gentle starts, to hear the grandam tell
Of pretty babes, that loved each other dear,
Murdered by cruel uncle's mandate fell:
Ev'n such the shivering joys thy tones impart,
Ev'n so thou, Siddons, meltest my sad heart.

WE CLIMBING THE ASCENT OF BENCKLEY-COOMB, SOMERSET-
SHIRE, MAY, 1795.

With many a pause and oft reverted eye
I climb the Coomb's ascent: sweet songsters near
Warble in shade their wild-wood melody:
Far off th' unvarying cuckoo soothes my ear.
Up scour the startling stragglers of the flock,
That on green plots o'er precipices browse;
From the forced fissures of the naked rock,
The yew-trees burst. Beneath its dark green boughs
(Mid which the May-thorn blends its blossoms white,)
Where broad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats,
I rest. And now have gained the topmost site.
Ah! what a luxury of landscape meets
My gaze! Proud towers, and cots more dear to me;
Elm-shadowed fields, and prospect-bounding sea;
Deep sighs my lonely heart; I drop the tear:
Enchanting spot! O were my Sara here!

TO THE AUTUMNAL MOON.

Mild splendour of the various-vested night!
Mother of wildly-working visions, hail!
I watch thy gliding, while with watery light
Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil;
And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud,
Behind the gathered blackness lost on high:
And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud,
Thy placid lightning o'er the awakened sky.
Ah, such is Hope! as changeful and as fair!
Now dimly peering on the wistful sight;
Now hid behind the dragon-winged despair:
But soon emerging, in her radiant might,
She, o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of care,
Sails, like a meteor, kindling in its flight.

Thou gentle look, that didst my soul beguile,
Why hast thou left me? Still in some fond dream
Revisit my sad heart, auspicious smile!
As falls on closing flowers the lunar beam;
What time, in sickly mood, at parting day,
I lay me down and think of happier years;
Of joys, that glimmered in hope's twilight ray,
Then left me darkling in a vale of tears.
O pleasant days of hope—for ever flown!
Could I recall you?—but that thought is vain.
Availeth not persuasion's sweetest tone
To lure the fleet-winged travellers back again:
Yet fair, though faint, their images shall gleam
Like the bright rainbow on an evening stream.

TO MR. SHERIDAN.

It was some spirit, Sheridan! that breathed
O'er thy young mind such wildly various power;
My soul hath marked thee in her shaping hour,
Thy temples with Hymettian flow'rets wreathed:
And sweet thy voice, as when o'er Laura's bier
Sad music trembled through Vauclusa's glade;
Sweet, as at dawn, the love-lorn serenade,
That wafts soft dreams to slumber's listening ear.
Now patriot rage and indignation high
Swell the full tones! and now thine eye-beams dance
Meanings of scorn and wit's quaint revelry!
Writhes inly from the bosom-probing glance
The apostate by the brainless rout adored,
As erst that elder fiend beneath great Michael's sword.

TO THE RIVER OTTER.

DEAR native brook ! wild streamlet of the west !
How many various-fated years have past,
What blissful and what anguished hours, since last
I skimmed the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps ! Yet so deep imprest
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny blaze,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy margin's willowy maze,
And bedded sand, that, veined with various dyes,
Gleamed through thy bright transparence to the gaze.
Visions of childhood ! oft have ye beguiled
Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs,—
Ah, that once more I were a careless child !

ON RECEIVING INTELLIGENCE OF THE BIRTH OF HIS INFANT
CHILD.

OFt o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
Mixed with such feelings, as perplex the soul
Self-questioned in her sleep : and some have said
We lived, ere yet this fleshly robe we wore.
O my sweet baby ! when I reach my door,
If heavy looks should tell me thou wert dead,
(As sometimes, through excess of hope, I fear,)
I think that I should struggle to believe
Thou wert a spirit, to this nether sphere
Sentenced for some more venial crime to grieve ;
Odst scream, then spring to meet Heaven's quick reprieve,
While we wept idly o'er thy little bier.

TO A FRIEND.

CHARLES ! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scanned that face of feeble infancy :
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my babe might be :
But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom, (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile,)
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most warm
Impressed a father's kiss : and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance, and presageful fear,
I seemed to see an angel's form appear—
'Twas even thine, belovèd woman mild !
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child.

CHARLES LAMB

was born in the Temple, London, on the 10th of February, 1775. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he formed a friendship with Coleridge, his schoolmate, which lasted till the grave closed over his "fifty-years-old friend without a dissension," an eloquent fact in praise of the gentleness and sweetness of the disposition of both. For the greater portion of his life he held a clerkship in the India House. The necessity of attending his official duties agreed well with his love of London, where he constantly resided. He knew every spot that had been hallowed by the residence or sojourn of great men of former days. His death took place at his house in Islington, on the 27th of December, 1834. His poetry is all highly finished; and to this cause, and the circumstance that he was never compelled to write, may be attributed the small number of works that he gave to the public.

ON HIS FAMILY NAME.

WHAT reason first imposed thee, gentle name,
Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire,
Without reproach?—we trace our stream no higher;
And I a childless man may end the same.
Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,
In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,
Received thee first amid the merry mocks
And arch allusions of his fellow swains.
Perchance from Salem's holier fields returned,
With glory gotten on the heads abhorred
Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord
Took His meek title, in whose zeal he burned.
Whate'er the fount whence thy beginning came,
No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name.

METHINKS how dainty sweet it were, reclined
Beneath the vast out-stretching branches high
Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie,
Nor of the busier scenes we left behind
Aught envying. And, O Anna! mild-eyed maid!
Belovèd! I were well content to play
With thy free tresses all a summer's day,
Losing the time beneath the greenwood shade.
Or we might sit and tell some tender tale
Of faithful vows repaid by cruel scorn,
A tale of true love, or of friend forgot;
And I would teach thee, lady, how to rail
In gentle sort on those who practise not
Or love or pity, though of woman born.

WAS it some sweet device of faëry
That mocked my steps with many a lonely glade,
And fancied wanderings with a fair-haired maid?
Have these things been? or what rare witchery,
Impregning with delights the charmèd air,
Enlightened up the semblance of a smile
In those fine eyes? Methought they spake the while
Soft soothing things, which might enforce despair
To drop the murdering knife, and let go by
His foul resolve. And does the lonely glade
Still court the footsteps of the fair-haired maid?
Still in her locks the gales of summer sigh?
While I forlorn do wander reckless where,
And 'mid my wanderings meet no Anna there.

Wane fast I recall those winding wood-walks green,
 Green winding walks, and shady pathways sweet,
 Ofttimes would Anna seek the silent scene,
 Surrounding her seat in the lone retreat.
 No more I hear her footsteps in the shade :
 Her image only in those pleasant ways
 Meets me self-wondering, when in happier days,
 I held free converse with the fair-haired maid.
 I passed the little cottage which she loved,
 The cottage which did once my all contain ;
 It spoke of days which ne'er must come again,
 Spoke to my heart, and much my heart was moved.
 "Now fair befall thee, gentle maid !" said I,
 And from the cottage turned me with a sigh.

WE were two pretty babes, the youngest she,
 The youngest, and the loveliest far I ween,
 And Innocence her name. The time has been,
 We two did love each other's company ;
 Time was we two had wept to have been apart,
 But when, by show of seeming good beguiled,
 I left the garb and manners of a child,
 And my first love for man's society,
 Defiling with the world my virgin heart,
 My loved companion dropped a tear, and fled,
 And hid in deepest shades her awful head.
 Belovèd, who shall tell me where thou art,
 In what delicious Eden to be found,
 'That I may seek thee the wide world around ?

W. L. BOWLES.

AT OSTEND, JULY 22, 1787.

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal !
As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
Breathes on the trembling sense of wan disease,
So piercing to my heart their force I feel !
And hark ! with lessening cadence now they fall,
And now, along the white and level tide,
They fling their melancholy music wide ;
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer days, and those delightful years
When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wond'ring childhood into tears !
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy once heard, and heard no more.

OCTOBER, 1792.

Go, then, and join the roaring city's throng !
Me thou dost leave to solitude and tears,
To busy fantasies, and boding fears,
Lest ill betide thee : but 'twill not be long,
And the hard season shall be past : till then
Live happy ; sometimes the forsaken shade
Rememb'ring, and these trees now left to fade ;
Nor, 'mid the busy scenes and " hum of men,"
Wilt thou my cares forget : in heaviness
To me the hours shall roll, weary and slow,
Till, mournful autumn past, and all the snow
Of winter pale ! the glad hour I shall bless,
That shall restore thee from the crowd again,
To the green hamlet in the peaceful plain.

NOVEMBER.

THERE is strange music in the stirring wind,
When lowers the autumnal eve, and all alone
To the dark wood's cold covert thou art gone,
Whose ancient trees on the rough slope reclined
Rock, and at times scatter their tresses sear.
If in such shades, beneath their murmuring,
Thou late hast passed the happier hours of spring,
With sadness thou wilt mark the fading year;
Chiefly if one, with whom such sweets at morn
Or eve thou'st shared, to distant scenes shall stray.
O Spring, return! return, auspicious May!
But sad will be thy coming, and forlorn,
If she return not with thy cheering ray,
Who from these shades is gone, gone far away.

APRIL.

WHOSE was the gentle voice, that, whispering sweet,
Promised, methought, long days of bliss sincere?
Soothing it stole on my deluded ear,
Most like soft music, that might sometimes cheat
Thoughts dark and drooping! 'Twas the voice of Hope!
Of love and social scenes, it seemed to speak,
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek;
That oh! poor friend, might to life's downward slope
Lead us in peace, and bless our latest hours.
Ah me! the prospect saddened as she sung;
Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung;
Chill darkness wrapt the pleasurable bowers,
Whilst horror, pointing to yon breathless clay,
"No peace be thine," exclaimed, "away! away!"

MAY.

How shall I meet thee, Summer, wont to fill
My heart with gladness, when thy pleasant tide
First came, and on each coomb's romantic side
Was heard the distant cuckoo's hollow bill?
Fresh flowers shall fringe the wild brink of the stream,
As with the song of joyance and of hope,
The hedge-rows shall ring aloud, and on the slope
The poplars sparkle on the transient beam,
The shrubs and laurels which I love to tend,
Thinking their May-tide fragrance might delight,
With many a peaceful charm, thee, my best friend,
Shall put forth their green shoot, and cheer the sight!
But I shall mark their hues with sickening eyes,
And weep for her who in the cold grave lies!

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF ENGLAND.

AH! from mine eyes the tears unbidden start,
Albion, as now thy cliffs (that white appear
Far o'er the wave, and their proud summits rear
To meet the beams of morn) my beating heart
With eager hope and filial transport hails.
Scenes of my youth; reviving gales, ye bring,
As when erewhile the tuneful morn of Spring
Joyous awoke amidst your blooming vales,
And filled with fragrance every painted plain:
Fled are those hours, and all the joys they gave,
Yet still I gaze and count each rising wave
That bears me nearer to your haunts again;
If haply, 'mid those woods and vales so fair,
Stranger to peace, I yet may meet her there.

DOVER CLIFFS.

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood,
Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet,
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood;
And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still eve
Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To-morrow; of the friends he loved most dear;
Of social scenes, from which he wept to part:
But, if like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide—
The world his country, and his God his guide.

TIME.

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest, unperceived, away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile,—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—
Yet, ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

As one, who, long by wasting sickness worn,
 Weary has watched the lingering night, and heard,
 Heartless, the carol of the matin-bird,
 Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
 Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
 He the green slope and level meadow views,
 Delightful bathed in slow ascending dews;
 Or marks the clouds, that o'er the mountain's head,
 In varying forms fantastic wander white,
 Or turns his ear to every random song,
 Heard the green river's winding marge along,
 The whilst each sense is steeped in still delight :
 With such delight o'er all my heart I feel,
 Sweet Hope, thy fragrance pure and healing incense
 steal !

 NETLEY ABBEY.

FALL'N pile! I ask not what has been thy fate;
 But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
 Through each rent arch, like spirits that complain,
 Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
 On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
 Of those who once full proudly in their prime
 And beauteous might have stood, till bowed by time
 Or injury, their early boast forgot,
 They may have fallen like thee : pale and forlorn,
 Their brows, besprent with thin hairs, white as snow,
 They lift, majestic yet, as they would scorn
 This short-lived scene of vanity and woe:
 Whilst on their sad looks, smilingly, they bear
 The trace of creeping age, and the dim hue of care !

WRITTEN AT TYNEMOUTH, NORTHUMBERLAND, AFTER A
TEMPESTUOUS VOYAGE.

As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,
Much musing on the track of terror past,
When o'er the dark wave rode the howling blast,
Pleased I look back and view the tranquil tide,
That laves the pebbled shore : and now the beam
Of evening smiles on the grey battlement,
And yon forsaken tower that Time has rent :—
The lifted oar far off, with silver gleam
Is touched, and hushed is all the billowy deep !
Soothed by the scene, thus on tired Nature's breast
A stillness slowly steals, and kindred rest ;
While sea-sounds lull her as she sinks to sleep,
Like melodies which mourn upon the lyre,
Waked by the breeze, and as they mourn, expire.

TO THE RIVER ITCHIN.

ITCHIN, when I behold thy banks again,
Thy crumbling margin, and thy silver breast,
On which the self-same tints still seem to rest,
Why feels my heart the shivering sense of pain ?
Is it—that many a summer's day has past
Since in life's morn I carolled on thy side ?
Is it—that oft, since then, my heart has sighed,
As youth, and Hope's delusive gleams, flew fast ?
Is it—that those, who circled on thy shore,
Companions of my youth, now meet no more ?
Whate'er the cause, upon thy banks I bend,
Sorrowing, yet feel such solace at my heart,
As at the meeting of some long-lost friend,
From whom, in happier hours, we wept to part.

ON THE RHINE.

'Twas morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow,
 (Hung with the beamy clusters of the vine)
 Streamed the blue light, when on the sparkling Rhine
We bounded, and the white waves round the prow
In murmurs parted, varying as we go.
 Lo! the woods open, and the rocks retire,
 Some convent's ancient walls, or glistening spire,
'Mid the bright landscape's track, unfolding slow.
Here dark, with furrowed aspect, like despair,
 Frowns the bleak cliff—there on the woodland's side
 The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
Whilst Hope, enchanted with the scene so fair,
Would wish to linger many a summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

TO THE RIVER CHERWELL, OXFORD.

CHERWELL! how pleased along thy willowed hedge
 Erewhile I strayed, or when the morn began
 To tinge the distant turret's gleamy fan,
Or evening glimmered o'er the sighing sedge!
And now reposing on thy banks once more,
 I bid the pipe farewell, and that sad lay
 Whose music on my melancholy way
I wooed: amid thy waving willows hoar
Seeking awhile to rest—till the bright sun
 Of joy return, as when Heaven's beauteous bow
 Beams on the night-storm's passing wings below:
Whate'er betide, yet something have I won
Of solace, that may bear me on serene,
Till eve's last hush shall close the silent scene.

As o'er these hills I take my silent rounds,
Still on that vision which is flown I dwell!
On images I loved (alas, too well!)
Now past, and but remembered like sweet sounds
Of yesterday! Yet in my breast I keep
Such recollections, painful though they seem,
And hours of joy retrace, till from my dream
I wake, and find them not: then I could weep
To think that Time so soon each sweet devours;
To think so soon life's first endearments fail,
And we are still misled by Hope's smooth tale!
Who, like a flatterer, when the happiest hours
Are past, and most we wish her cheering lay,
Will fly, as faithless, and as fleet as they!

How blest with thee, the path could I have trod
Of quiet life, above cold Want's hard fate,
(And little wishing more) nor of the great
Envious, or their proud name! But it pleased God
To take thee to His mercy: thou didst go
In youth and beauty, go to thy death-bed;
Ev'n while on dreams of bliss we fondly fed,
Of years to come of comfort!—Be it so.
Ere this I have felt sorrow; and e'en now,
(Though sometimes the unbidden thought must start,
And half unman the miserable heart),
The cold dew I shall wipe from my sad brow,
And say, since hopes of bliss on earth are vain,
“Best friend, farewell, till we do meet again!”

ON REVISITING OXFORD.

I NEVER hear the sound of thy glad bells,
Oxford! and chime harmonious, but I say,
(Sighing to think how Time has worn away,) "Some spirit speaks in the sweet tone that swells,
Heard after years of absence, from the vale
Where Cherwell winds." Most true it speaks the tale
Of days departed, and its voice recalls
Hours of delight and hope in the gay tide
Of life, and many friends now scattered wide
By many fates.—Peace be within thy walls!
I have scarce heart to visit thee; but yet,
Denied the joys sought in thy shades,—denied
Each better hope, since my poor * * * died,
What I have owed to thee, my heart can ne'er forget!

I TURN these leaves with thronging thoughts, and say:
"Alas! how many friends of youth are dead,
How many visions of fair hope have fled,
Since first, my Muse, we met:"—So speeds away
Life, and its shadows; yet we sit and sing,
Stretched in the noontide bower, as if the day
Declined not, and we yet might trill one lay,
Beneath the pleasant morning's purple wing
That fans us, while aloft the gay clouds shine!
O, ere the coming of the long cold night,
Religion, may we bless thy purer light,
That still shall warm us, when the tints decline
O'er earth's dim hemisphere, and sad we gaze
On the vain visions of our passing days!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

O MOUNTAIN-STREAM ! the shepherd and his cot
Are privileged inmates of deep solitude ;
Nor would the nicest anchorite exclude
A field or two of brighter green, or plot
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot
Of stationary sunshine :—thou hast viewed
These only, Duddon ! with their paths renewed
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.
Thee hath some awful spirit impelled to leave,
Utterly to desert the haunts of men,
Though simple thy companions were and few ;
And through this wilderness a passage cleave
Attended but by thy own voice, save when
The clouds and fowls of the air thy way pursue !



SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

SACRED religion, "mother of form and fear,"
Dread arbitress of mutable respect,
New rites ordaining when the old are wrecked,
Or cease to please the fickle worshipper ;
If one strong wish may be embosomed here,
Mother of Love ! for this deep vale, protect
Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright effect,
Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere
That seeks to stifle it ;—as in those days
When this low pile a gospel teacher knew*
Whose good works formed an endless retinue :
Such priest as Chaucer sang in fervent lays ;
Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew ;
And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise !

My frame hath often trembled with delight
When hope presented some far-distant good,
That seemed from heaven descending, like the flood
Of yon pure waters, from their æry height
Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to unite ;
Who, 'mid a world of images imprest
On the calm depth of his transparent breast,
Appears to cherish most that torrent white,
The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all !
And seldom hath ear listened to a tune
More lulling than the busy hum of noon,
Sworn by that voice—whose murmur musical
Announces to the thirsty fields a boon
Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall.

* The Rev. Robert Walker, 67 years curate of Seathwaite. For a further account of this venerable and interesting man the reader is referred to note page 32 of the 3rd vol. of Wordsworth's Poetical Works.

METHINKS 'twere no unprecedented feat,
Should some benignant minister of air,
Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair,
The One for whom my heart shall ever beat
With tenderest love ;—or, if a safer seat
Atween his downy wings be furnished, there
Would lodge her, and the cherished burden bear
O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat !
Rough ways my steps have trod ;—too rough and long
For her companionship ; here dwells soft ease ;
With sweets which she partakes not, some distaste
Mingles, and lurking consciousness of wrong ;
Languish the flowers ; the waters seem to waste
Their vocal charm ; their sparklings cease to please.

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce
Of that serene companion—a good name,
Recovers not his loss ; but walks with shame,
With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse :
And oftentimes he, who, yielding to the force
Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end,
From chosen comrade turns, or faithful friend,
In vain shall rue the broken intercourse.
Not so with such as loosely wear the chain
That binds them, pleasant river ! to thy side :—
Through the rough copse wheel thou with hasty stride,
I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain,
Sure, when the separation has been tried,
That we, who part in love, shall meet again.

THE Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a star, that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent
Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky ;
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high
O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's tent ;
Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent
Take root again, a boundless canopy.
How sweet were leisure ! could it yield no more
Than 'mid that wave-washed church-yard to recline,
From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine ;
Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar
Of distant moon-lit mountains faintly shine
Soothed by the unseen river's gentle roar.

BUT here no cannon thunders to the gale ;
Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast
A crimson splendour ; lowly is the mast
That rises here, and humbly spread the sail ;
While, less disturbed than in the narrow vale
Through which with strange vicissitudes he passed,
The wanderer seeks that receptacle vast,
Where all his unambitious functions fail.
And may thy poet, cloud-born stream ! be free,
The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,
And each tumultuous working left behind
At seemly distance, to advance like Thee,
Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind
And soul, to mingle with eternity !

TO A SNOWDROP.

LONE flower, hemmed in with snows, and white as they,
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,
Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, way-lay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend,
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing
On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers:
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snowdrop, venturous harbinger of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

THE Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,
"Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou art bright!"
Forthwith, that little cloud, in ether spread,
And penetrated all with tender light,
She cast away, and showed her fulgent head
Uncovered;—dazzling the beholder's sight
As if to vindicate her beauty's right,
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparagèd.
Meanwhile that veil, removed or thrown aside,
Went, floating from her, darkening as it went;
And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,
Approached this glory of the firmament,
Who meekly yields, and is obscured:—content
With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climbest the sky,
How silently, and with how wan a face !*
Where art thou ? thou whom I have seen on high,
Running among the clouds a wood-nymph's race !
Unhappy nuns, whose common breath's a sigh
Which they would stifle, move at such a pace !
The northern wind, to call thee to the chase,
Must blow to-night his bugle horn. Had I
The power of Merlin, goddess ! this should be ;
And the keen stars, fast as the clouds were riven,
Should sally forth, an emulous company,
All hurrying with thee through the clear blue heaven ;
But, Cynthia ! should to thee the palm be given,
Queen both for beauty and for majesty.

STRANGE visitation ! at *Jemima's* lip
Thus hadst thou pecked, wild redbreast ! Love might say,
A half-blown rose had tempted thee to sip
Its glistening dews ; but hallowed is the clay
Which the Muse warms ; and I, whose head is grey,
Am not unworthy of thy fellowship :
Nor could I let one thought—one motion—slip
That might thy sylvan confidence betray.
For are we not all His without whose care
Vouchsafed, no sparrow falleth to the ground ?
Who gives His angels wings to speed through air,
And rolls the planets through the blue profound ;
Then peck or perch, fond flutterer ! nor forbear
To trust a poet in still vision bound.

* From a sonnet of Sir Philip Sidney.

DECAY OF PIETY.

OFT have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek,
Matrons and sires who, punctual to the call
Of their loved Church, on fast or festival,
Through the long year the House of Prayer would seek :
By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak
Of Easter winds, unscared, from hut or hall
They came to lowly bench or sculptured stall,
But with one fervour of devotion meek.
I see the places where they once were known,
And ask, surrounded even by kneeling crowds,
Is ancient piety for ever flown ?
Alas ! even then they seemed like fleecy clouds
That, struggling through the western sky, have won
Their pensive light from a departed sun !

“WEAK is the will of man, his judgment blind :
Remembrance persecutes, and hope betrays ;
Heavy is woe ;—and joy, for human kind,
A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze !”
Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days
Who wants the glorious faculty, assigned
To elevate the more than reasoning mind,
And colour life's dark cloud with orient rays.
Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination lofty and refined :
'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

WINGS have we,—and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure ; wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books, are each a world ; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good :
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear ;
Two shall be named, præeminently dear,—
The gentle lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb.

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

"WHY art thou silent? is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre, that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant
(As would my deeds have been) with hourly care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak, though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow,
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine;
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know."

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom
But thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind.
But how could I forget thee? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss?—That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

OXFORD, MAY 30TH, 1820.

YE sacred nurseries of blooming youth !
In whose collegiate shelter England's flowers
Expand—enjoying through their vernal hours
The air of liberty, the light of truth ;
Much have ye suffered from Time's gnawing tooth.
Yet, O, ye spires of Oxford ! Domes and Towers !
Gardens and Groves ! your presence overpowers
The soberness of Reason ; till, in sooth,
Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange,
I slight my own belovèd Cam, to range
Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet ;
Pace the long avenue, or glide adown
The streamlike windings of that glorious street,
An eager novice robed in fluttering gown !

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in fee,
And was the safeguard of the West : the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.
She was a maiden city, bright and free ;
No guile seduced, no force could violate ;
And, when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay ;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day :
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade,
Of that which once was great, is passed away.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;—
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will ;
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea ;
Listen !—the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not, therefore, less divine ;
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship'st at the temple's inner shrine.
God being with thee when we knew it not.

MONTGOMERY.

A SEA PIECE.—BRIDLINGTON QUAY, 1824.

AT nightfall, walking on the crownèd shore,
Where sea and sky were in each other lost;
Dark ships were scudding through the wild uproar,
Whose wrecks ere morn must strew the dreary coast;
I marked one well-moored vessel tempest-tost,
Sails reefed, helm lashed, a dreadful siege she bore,
Her deck by billow after billow crossed,
While every moment she might be no more:
Yet firmly anchored on the nether sand,
Like a chained Lion ramping at his foes,
Forward and rearward still she plunged and rose,
Till broke her cable;—then she fled to land,
With all the waves in chase; throes following throes;
She 'scaped—she struck—she stood upon the strand.

L

THE morn was beautiful, the storm was gone ;
Three days had passed ; I saw the peaceful main,
One molten mirror, one illumined plain,
Clear as the blue, sublime, o'erarching sky :
On shore that lonely vessel caught mine eye,
Her bow was seaward, all equipt her train,
Yet to the Sun she spreads her wings in vain,
Like a chained Eagle, impotent to fly ;
There fixed as if for ever to abide ;
Far down the beach had rolled the low neap-tide,
Whose mingling murmur faintly lulled the ear.
" Is this," methought, " is this the doom of pride,
Checked in the onset of thy brave career,
Ingloriously to rot by piece-meal here ?"

SPRING-TIDES returned and Fortune smiled ; the bay
Received the rushing Ocean to its breast ;
While waves on waves innumerably prest,
Seemed with the prancing of their proud array,
Sea-horses, plashed with foam and snorting spray ;
Their power and thunder broke that vessel's rest ;
Slowly, with new expanding life possest,
To her own element she glid away :
Buoyant and bounding like the polar whale,
That takes his pastime ; every joyful sail
Was to the freedom of the wind unfurled,
While right and left the parted surges curled :
—Go, gallant bark, with such a tide and gale,
I'll pledge thee to a voyage round the world.

SOUTHEY.

TO THE SPRING OF 1779.

Thou lingerest, Spring!—still wintry is the scene ;
The fields their dead and sapless russet wear ;
Scarce does the glossy Celandine appear
Starring the sunny bank, or, early green,
The elder yet its circling tufts put forth.
The sparrow tenants still the eaves-built nest,
Where we should see our martin's snowy breast
Oft darting out. The blasts from the bleak north
And from the keener east still frequent blow.
Sweet Spring, thou lingerest! and it should be so ;
Late let the fields and gardens blossom out !
Like man, when most with smiles thy face is drest,
'Tis to deceive ; and he who knows ye best,
When most ye promise, ever most must doubt.

SUNRISE.

I MARVEL not, O Sun ! that unto thee
In adoration man should bow the knee,
And pour his prayers of mingled awe and love ;
For like a god thou art, and on thy way
Of glory sheddest with benignant ray,
Beauty, and life, and joyance from above.
No longer let these mists thy radiance shroud,—
These cold raw mists that chill the comfortless day ;
But shed thy splendour through the opening cloud,
And cheer the earth once more. The languid flowers
Lie odourless, bent down with heavy rain,
Earth asks thy presence, saturate with showers !
O lord of light ! put forth thy beams again,
For damp and cheerless are the gloomy hours.

IN A STORM.

O God! have mercy in this dreadful hour
 On the poor mariner!—in comfort here
 Safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear
 The blast that rages with resistless power.

What were it now to toss upon the waves,
 The maddened waves, and know no succour near;
 The howling of the storm above to hear,

And the wild sea that to the tempest raves:
 To gaze amid the horrors of the night,
 And only see the billow's gleaming light;

And in the dread of death to think of her,
 Who, as she listens, sleepless, to the gale,
 Puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale?

O God! have mercy on the mariner!

ON WINTER.

A WRINKLED, crabbèd man, they picture thee,
 Old Winter, with a rugged beard as grey
 As the long moss upon the apple tree;
 Blue-lipt, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue nose;
 Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way
 Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snows.

They should have drawn thee by the high-heapt hearth,
 Old Winter! seated in thy great-armed chair,
 Watching the children at their Christmas mirth,
 Or circled by them as thy lips declare
 Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,
 Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night,
 Pausing at times to rouse the mouldering fire,
 Or taste the old October brown and bright.

MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON.

ON MEMORY, FROM "THE TRIBUTE."

Oh Memory! thou ever restless power,
Recalling all that's vanished from our sight,
Thy pencil dipped now in the rainbow's light,
Now in the gloomy tints of midnight's hour,
From Youth's gay garden, Manhood's blighted bower,
Culling thy varied chaplet, dark and bright—
The rose, the rue, the baleful aconite :
Alternating the cypress and the flower !
Casting with lightning-speed thy wizard glance
Through the long retrospect of bygone years,
Whence, at thine hest, in dim array advance,
Shadows of idle hopes and idle fears :
Half cheerful is thy saddest countenance,
Thy sweetest smile, alas, is moist with tears !

REV. CHARLES STRONG.

'Twas near the walls that gird th' imperial town,
Where from a lonely Convent's still retreat
I saw, whilst Tiber glowed beneath my feet,
From heaven's illumined vault the Sun go down ;

The lofty Capitol, like burnished crown,
Blazed on the City's brow,—each hallowed seat,
Each mournful relic of the perished Great,
Seemed once more brightening into old renown ;

The Plain in purple haze lay slumbering deep,
The giant arches, that bestrode it, shone
A bridge of gold to blue Albano's steep.

Man, here, alas ! for ages overthrown,
With no gleam kindles, sunk in death-like sleep ;
His ruin, Rome, is darker than thine own.

O thou ! whose golden reins curb steeds of fire,
Blest be the rosy Hours that onward bring
Thy glorious pomp, now Night with folded wing
Hides in her cave, and Heaven's pale host retire :

Fresh from their flowery beds the gales respire,
To rapture new awakes each living thing,
Rivers run joyous, woods harmonious ring,
As Earth, unveiling, shows her green attire.

Now Ocean shines distinct, the bark unmoors ;
Flocks to the dewy mountains from the fold
Go forth, the springing lark above them soars ;

And hopeful Man, as on thy state is rolled,
Welcomes the beam that o'er the cluster pours
A deeper dye, and ripens fruits of gold.

RAISED, like a jewelled trophy, in mid-sky
Orion shone, Jove's star o'erhung the West,
Eastward, in all her beauty early drest,
Venus proclaimed the conquering Sun was nigh :

Thousands of nameless Worlds stood glittering by ;
And myriads, streaming far beyond the rest
From Heaven's low circuit to the polar crest,
Were seen, through optic tube, by wondering eye :

Nor yet unmarshalled, like a routed Host,
In shining multitudes at random driven,
Crowd they through some interminable coast ;

All in the regions infinite of Heaven,
In their appointed course, as Thou, Lord, knowest,
Obey the voice of Thy command—once given.

THOUGH Alps in awful grandeur stood around,
With all the wonders their deep bosoms hold,
Summer's bright verdure, snow's eternal cold,
Dark pine-clad steepes, and torrent-gulf profound ;

Still, like the Pilgrim, on sweet errand bound,
Whose eyes with passing glance the scenes behold,
Which realms of beauty to his view unfold,
I sped with eager step tow'rds Latian ground ;

My fancy lingered round the imperial halls,
Where she had made herself a shadowy home,
By Tiber's banks, and Anio's waterfalls :

My childhood's thought, my youth's desire, was Rome :
Strangely I longed to walk within her walls,
And worship God beneath his proudest dome.

THEY picture Death a tyrant, gaunt and grim,
And, for his random aim, temper a dart,
A dart so mortal, that the fiery smart
Consumes, and turns to dust the stoutest limb.

Thus dire to meet, yet shrink not they from him
Who walk, by faith, in singleness of heart;
The simply wise, who choose the watchful part,
Nor let their eyelids close, or lamps grow dim.

Nor always dark, and terrible his mien,
As those, who by the couch the night-watch keep,
Have known, spectators of the blessed scene,

When friends, who stand around, joy more than weep,
As, with hushed step, and smile of love serene,
In the soft guise he comes of gentle Sleep.

TIME, I rejoice, amid the ruin wide
That peoples thy dark empire, to behold
Shores against which thy waves in vain have rolled,
Where man's proud works still frown above thy tide.

The deep-based Pyramids still turn aside
Thy wasteful current, vigorously old;
Lucania's temples their array unfold,
Pillar, and Portico, in simple pride.

Nor less my joy, when, sheltered from thy storms
In earth's fond breast, hid treasure bursts the sod,—
Elaborate stone in sculpture's matchless forms.

Oft did I mock thee, Spoiler, as I trod
The glowing courts where still the Goddess warms,
And stern in beauty stands the quivered God.

My window's open to the evening sky,
The solemn trees are fringed with golden light,
The lawn here shadowed lies, there kindles bright,
And cherished roses lift their incense high :

The punctual Thrush, on plane-tree warbling nigh,
With loud and luscious voice calls down the night ;
Dim waters, flowing on with gentle might,
Between each pause are heard to murmur by.

The book that told of wars in Holy Land,
(Nor less than Tasso sounded in mine ears)
Escapes unheeded from my listless hand.

Poets, whom Nature for her service sears,
Like Priests in her great temple minist'ring stand,
But in her glory fade when she appears.

WOULD I to healthful sounds reclaim my Lyre !
I pierce the green wood to some flowery nook,
There on sweet Spenser cast regardful look ;
He chastens old, and kindles new desire.

No more were wont the Muses to inspire
Dreamers of old with draught from sacred brook
Of Castaly, when strange emotions shook
Their tuneful souls, as winds the trembling wire.

From vain delights, and lap of slothful down,
Bewildered thoughts, and soft infection's speech,
Who would escape, must quit the impure town.

Returning, where, beneath the white-armed beech,
By valley's stream, or hillock's verdant crown,
Her simple lesson Nature waits to teach.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

TO THE CAMELLIA JAPONICA.

SAY, what impels me, pure and spotless flower,
To view thee with a secret sympathy?
—Is there some living spirit shrined in thee,
That, as thou bloom'st within my humble bower,
Endows thee with some strange mysterious power,
Waking high thoughts?—as there perchance might be
Some angel-form of truth and purity,
Whose hallowed presence shared my lonely hour!
—Yes, lovely flower, 'tis not thy virgin glow,
Thy petals whiter than surrounding snow,
Nor all the charms thy velvet folds display,—
'Tis the soft image of some beaming mind,
By grace adorned, by elegance refined,
That o'er my heart thus holds its silent sway.

SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

ON THE SHEPHERD LORD.*

I WISH I could have heard thy long-tried lore,
Thou virtuous Lord of Skipton! Thou couldst well
From sage Experience, that best teacher, tell,
How far within the Shepherd's humble door
Lives the sure happiness, that on the floor
Of gay Baronial Halls disdains to dwell,
Though decked with many a feast, and many a spell
Of gorgeous rhyme, and echoing with the roar
Of Pleasure, clamorous round the full-crowned bowl!
Thou hadst (and who had doubted thee?) exprest,
What empty baubles are the ermined stole,
Proud coronet, rich walls with tapestry drest,
And music lulling the sick frame to rest!
Bliss only haunts the pure contented soul!

* Henry Clifford, tenth Lord of the Honour of Skipton, in 1485, in the thirty-second year of his age, was restored to the wealth and dignities of his forefathers, after having passed the previous twenty-five years of his life as a shepherd; while the estates were forfeited on account of his father having been attainted and convicted of high treason in the first year of Edward the Fourth. Wordsworth's beautiful poem, and Prior's "Henry and Emma," have made the name familiar to most; but the reader who desires to know more of "the good Lord Clifford," is referred to the elegant work, entitled "Mornings in Spring," by the late Dr. Drake.

ON THE SAME.

MONTH after month, and year succeeding year,
When still the budding Spring, and yet again,
The eddying leaf upon the dingy plain,
Saw thee still happy in thy humble sphere,
But still at each return of foliage sere,
And still as on the warm banks of the lane,
Sheltered with covering wood, the primrose train
Began to ope their yellow buds, a tear
Would start unbidden from thy placid cheek,
And a deep pang would swell thy honest heart,
At hopes so long deferred :—yet couldst thou speak,
Wouldst thou not thus the precious truth impart ?
“ Dearer those scenes, though mixed with many a sigh
Than all the joys that Grandeur can supply !”

YEARS pass away, the worthy die, and leave
No successors their virtues to replace :
We win our way by trouble and by care ;
Yet when 'tis past, it seems an arrow's flight.
For friends departed we are left to grieve,
And would again the course they ran, retrace ;
For much that once seemed rugged now seems fair,
When memory clothes it with a softened light.
We cannot hope again ; whence chilling age
Runs cold and feeble in our palsied veins ;
No new affections will our hearts engage ;
No sound of joyance in the distance reigns ;
And when the cloud of darkness is before,
The rays behind us but afflict us more.

It is not fanciful that one excels
Another in essential gifts of mind
By positive and unvague certainty ;
With the same toil two cannot do the same !
The want of power against the will rebels,
And no internal fountain we can find,
Thought, sentiment, idea to supply ;
Nor through the bosom wake the buried flame.
E'en with our birth the confirmation nice
Of the quick movements of the brain is given ;
By many a morbid pang we pay the price
Of this rare beauty which descends from heaven.
The strings that tremble only throw full notes,
From every whisper that above us floats.

TO OCTOBER.

O LOVED October ! still my vacant day
As thou returnest, in rural sweets shall fly !
'Mid yellow fields, 'mid woods of tawny dye,
Whose fragrant leaves about my pathway play ;
By russet hedges all the morn I'll stray :
And round the cheerful fire in converse high
With choicest spirits meet when o'er the sky
Soft social Evening draws her mantle grey.
Nor will we cease, till midnight reign profound,
The sweet communion of the fleeting hour,
While blasts that yet but weakly whistle round,
Urge to enjoy the moments in our power,
Warning of Winter's days in tumult drowned,
Far from the quiet of the rural bower.

WRITTEN AT PENSHURST, 1795.

BEHOLD thy triumphs, Time!—what silence reigns
 Along these lofty and majestic walls!
 Ah! where are regal Sidney's* pompous trains?
 Where Philip's tuneful lyre,† whose dying falls
 Could melt the yielding nymphs and love-sick swains?
 Ah! where the undaunted figure that appals
 E'en heroes?—where the lute, that on the plains
 The bending trees‡ round Sacharissa calls?
 And are they fled?—their day's for ever past!
 Heroes and Poets mouldered in the earth!
 No sound is heard but of the wailing blast,
 Through the lone rooms, where echoed crowded mirth!
 Yet on their semblance Melancholy pores,
 And all the faded splendour soon restores!

ON ECHO AND SILENCE.

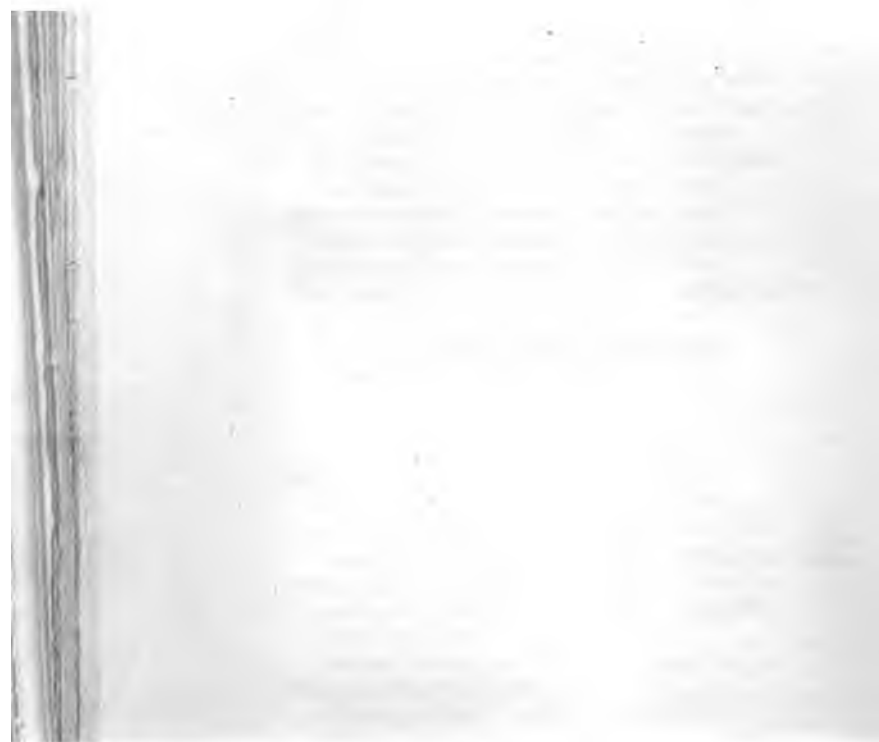
IN eddying course when leaves began to fly,
 And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
 As 'mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,
 Through glens untrod and woods that frowned on high,
 Two sleeping Nymphs with wonder mute I spy!—
 And lo, she's gone!—in robe of dark-green hue,
 'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew:
 For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!
 In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
 Not so her sister!—hark, for onward still
 With far-heard step she takes her listening way,
 Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill!
 Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play,
 With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fills!

* Sir Henry Sidney, Lord President of the marches.

† Sir Philip Sidney.

‡ Waller's lines written at Penshurst.

TRANSLATIONS.



FROM DANTE.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING.

"A ciascun' alma presa, e gentil core,"

To every captive soul and gentle heart,
For whom I sing, what sorrows strange I prove !
I wish all grace, and may their master, Love,
Present delight and happy hopes impart.
Two-thirds of night were spent, but brightly clear
The stars were shining, when surprised I saw
Love, whom to worship is my will and law ;
Glad was his aspect, and he seemed to bear
My own heart in his hand, while on his arms,
Garmented in her many-folded vest,
Madonna lay, with gentle sleep oppressed ;
But he awoke her filled with soft alarms,
And with that burning heart in humble guise
Did feed her, till in gloom the vision fled my eyes.

"Color d'amore, e di pietà sembianti,"

THE form of pity and the hue of love,
 Never before did beauteous Lady's face,
 From gentle looks and sighs deep sorrows move,
 Take with such perfect and such wondrous grace
 As thine, who late beheld me while I went,
 With looks that only pity did bespeak;
 But now my thoughts on thee too frequent bent,
 Teach me to fear that with a heart so weak,
 My eyes will ever seek thee, and intent
 Rest fondly on thy pale and saddened brow—
 Sad with that love of grief which in thee dwells;
 Thus you their wish increase that tears would flow,
 But with that wish my heart so anxious swells,
 That in thy presence, captive held, in vain
 I seek by tears to mitigate its pain.

"L'amaro lagrimar, che voi faceste,"

THE bitter tears, my eyes! which once ye shed
 With such a fond and long unchanging woe,
 In many a gentle heart deep wonder bred,
 And bid soft pity in the bosom glow;
 But, ah! I fear that ye could all forget,
 Would my heart join you in the felon wrong,
 And let those memories fade which still belong
 To her for whom ye were so often wet:
 Vain wandering eyes! so do I fear your guile,
 That much I dread when you her form admire
 To meet one gentle lady's pitying smile.
 Oh ne'er forgetful be, till life expire,
 Of one sweet mistress who untimely died:—
 Thus spoke my heart, and speaking deeply sighed.

TRANSLATED BY SHELLEY.

THE WISH.—TO GUIDO CAVALCANTI.

GUIDO! I would that Lapo, thou, and I,
Led by some strong enchantment, might ascend
A magic ship, whose charmed sails should fly
With winds at will, where'er our thoughts might wend :
And that no change, nor any evil chance
Should mar our joyous voyage ; but it might be
That even satiety should still enhance
Between our hearts their strict community,
And that the bounteous wizard there would place
Vanna and Bicè, and thy gentle love,
Companions of our wanderings, and would grace
With passionate talk, wherever we might rove,
Our time !—and each were as content and free
As I believe that thou and I should be !

"A PRAYSE OF PETRARCKE, AND OF LAURA HIS LADIE, FROM
SONGS AND SONNETS OF UNCERTAIN E AUTHORS, SUB-
JOINED TO THE POEMS OF HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF
SURREY, AND SIR THOMAS WYAT THE ELDER, 1557."

O PETRARCKE, hed and prince of poets, al
Whose lively gift of flowing eloquence
Wel may we seke, but find not how, or whence,
So rare a gift with thee did rise and fall,
Peace to thy bones, and glory immortall
Be to thy name, and to her excellence,
Whose beauty lighted in thy time and sence,
So to be set forth as none other shall.
Why hath not our pens rimes so parfit wroughte
Ne why our time forth bringeth beauty such?
To trye our wittes as golde is by the touche,
If to the stile the matter aided ought!
But there was never Laura more than one,
And her had Petrarcke for his paragone.

PETRARCH.

" Non d'atra, e tempestosa onda marina,"

No wearied mariner to port e'er fled
From the dark billows, when some tempest's nigh,
As from tumultuous gloomy thoughts I fly,
Thoughts by the force of goading passion bred:
Nor wrathful glance of heaven so surely sped
Destruction to man's sight; as does that eye,
Within whose bright black orb Love's deity
Sharpens each dart, and tips with gold its head.
Enthroned in radiance there he sits, not blind,
Quivered and naked, or by shame just veiled,
A live, not fabled boy, with changeful wing;
Thus ever unto me he lends instruction kind,
And arts of verse from meaner bards concealed:
Thus am I taught whate'er of love I write or sing.

" In qual parte del Cielo", in quale idea,"

SAY from what part of heaven 'twas Nature drew,
From what idea, that so perfect mould
To form such features, bidding us behold,
In charms below, what she above could do?
What fountain nymph, what dryad maid e'er threw
Upon the wind such tresses of pure gold?
What heart such num'rous virtues can unfold?
Although the chiefest, all my fond hopes slew.
He for celestial charms may look in vain,
Who has not seen my fair one's radiant eyes,
And felt their glances pleasingly beguile.
How love can heal his wounds, then wounds again
He only knows, who knows how sweet her sighs,
How sweet her converse, and how sweet her smile.

"Solo, e pensoso i più deserti campi,"

ALONE, and lost in thought, the desert glade
 Measuring I roam with lingering steps and slow;
 And still a watchful glance around me throw;
 Anxious to shun the print of human tread:
 No other means I find, no surer aid
 From the world's prying eye to hide my woe:
 So well my wild disordered gestures show,
 And love-lorn looks, the fire within me bred,
 That well I deem each mountain, wood and plain,
 And river knows, what I from man conceal,
 What dreary hues my life's sad prospects dim.
 Yet whate'er wild or savage paths I've ta'en,
 Where'er I wander, love attends me still,
 Soft whispering to my soul, and I to him.

"Erano i capei d'oro all' aura sparsi,"

HER golden tresses on the wind she threw,
 Which twisted them in many a beauteous braid;
 And in her fine eyes burning glances played,
 With lovely light, which now they seldom shew:
 Ah! then it seemed her face wore pity's hue,
 Yet haply fancy my fond sense betrayed;
 Nor strange that I, in whose warm heart was laid
 Love's fuel, suddenly enkindled grew!
 Not like a mortal's did her step appear,
 Angelic was her form; her voice, methought,
 Poured more than human accents on the ear.
 A living sun was what my vision caught,
 A spirit pure; and though not such, still found,
 Unbending of the bow ne'er heals the wound.

"*Quel vago impallidir che 'l dolce riso,*"

THE pallid tint of loveliness, which threw
 A tender cloud upon her smiling face,
 Came to my heart with such an awful grace,
 That in my looks that heart to meet it flew ;
 Then how in paradise the blessèd view
 Each other, I perceived ; even so took place
 The gentle sentiment none else could trace,
 Save me, whose gaze no other object knew.
 The most angelic look that face could wear,
 The mildest manners female love could show,
 Compared with what I sing might scorn appear :
 To earth she calmly bent her decent brow,
 And silently she said or seemed to say,
 " Who bears far hence my faithful friend away ? "

"*L'aura soave, ch'al sol spiega, e vibra,*"

THE pleasant gale that to the Sun unplaits
 And spreads the gold Love's fingers weave and braid
 O'er her fine eyes, and all around her head,
 Fetters my heart, the wishful sigh creates :
 No nerve but thrills, no artery but beats,
 Approaching my fair arbiter with dread,
 Who in her doubtful scale hath oftime weighed
 Whether or death or life on me awaits :
 Beholding too those eyes their fires display,
 And on those shoulders shine such wreaths of hair,
 Whose witching tangles my poor heart ensnare,
 But how the magic's wrought I cannot say ;
 For twofold radiance doth my reason blind,
 And sweetness to excess palls, and o'erpowers my mind.

"O bella man che mi distringi 'l core,"

O BEAUTEous hand, that dost my heart subdue,
 And in a little space my life confine ;
 Hand, where th' skill and utmost efforts join
 Nature and Heaven their plastic powers to show !
 Sweet fingers, seeming pearls of orient hue,
 To my wounds only cruel, fingers fine :
 Love, who toward me kindness doth design,
 For once permits ye naked to our view.
 Thou glove,* most dear, most elegant, and white,
 Encasing iv'ry tinted with the rose ;
 More precious covering ne'er met mortal sight !
 Would I such portion of thy veil had gained,
 O fleeting gifts which fortune's hand bestows !
 'Tis justice to restore what theft alone obtained.

"S'una fede amorosa, un cor non finto,"

If faith impassioned, and a heart sincere ;
 If tender languishment, and chaste desire :
 Wishing what only modest hopes inspire ;
 And wandering long through passion's maze with fear ;
 If on the brow each thought be pictured clear ;
 If words half uttered from the tongue retire,
 As apprehension, or as shame inspire ;
 If on the cheeks the violet's hue to wear ;
 If dearer than oneself another prove ;
 If constantly to weep, as much to sigh,
 Nursing the pangs, the griefs, the wrath of love ;
 To burn when distant and to freeze when nigh :
 If such fond causes doom me to despair,
 Though death be mine, thine is the guilt, my fair.

* On the glove of Laura, which he had picked up, and would have detained, but she with some vivacity took it from him.

" *Stiamo, Amor, a veder la gloria nostra,*"

HERE tarry, Love, our glory to behold;
 Nought in creation so sublime we trace;
 Ah! see what sweetness show'rs upon that face,
 What brightness to this earth the heavens unfold!
 See, with what cunning, crimson, pearls and gold,
 Her chosen vest, ne'er yet seen elsewhere, grace:
 'Mid the hill's arching shades observe her pace,
 Her glance replete with elegance untold!
 The variegated flowers, the verdant blade,
 That grow beneath yon aged holm-oak's gloom,
 Court her fair feet to press them, and to tread;
 The golden stars that stud yon beauteous sky,
 Cheered by her presence and her smiles, assume
 Superior lustre, and serenity.

" *L'aura serena, che fra verdi fronde,*"

THE gentle gale that plays my face around,
 Murm'ring delightful through the verdant grove,
 To fond remembrance brings the time, when Love
 First gave his deep although delightful wound;
 Gave me to view that beauteous face, ne'er found
 Veiled, as disdain, or jealousy might move;
 To view her locks that shone bright gold above,
 Then loose, but now with pearls and jewels bound:
 Those locks she sweetly scattered to the wind,
 And then coiled up again so gracefully,
 That but to think on it still thrills the sense.
 These Time has in more sober braids confined;
 And bound my heart with such a powerful tie,
 That Death alone can disengage it thence.

" Chi vuol veder quantunque può natura."

HE who would wish the fairest work to prove,
 By Heaven and Nature wrought, O! let him come
 And gaze on her whose beauty and whose bloom
 E'en they admire, who Virtue do not love.
 And let him quickly come; for Death steals on,
 And takes the best, and leaves the guilty here;
 And she, aspiring to that purer sphere
 Like other lovely things, will soon be gone.
 He will behold, if he arrive in time,
 All noble virtues, and all loveliness,
 Dowered on one form in most rare symmetry:
 Then will he feel how feebly speaks my rhyme—
 Weak with surprise at such unearthly grace:
 But if too late will ever weep with me!

" Se lamentar angelli, o verdi fronde,"

WHERE mourn the birds, or where the green young boughs
 Are gently moving in the summer air,
 Or the clear water as it bubbling flows
 Is heard from flowery banks, surpassing fair:
 There while I sit with pensive Love, and write
 Of her, who lost to earth, yet lives on high,
 I pause, and listen if I hear aright
 From so far, an answer to my sigh:—
 Yes! 'tis that well-known voice that fills mine ear,
 And says, " Why waste the life which dear I deemed?
 Why flows unceasingly that bitter tear?
 For me weep not—I, when Death's blow was given,
 Immortal grew; and when to you they seemed
 For ever closed, these eyes awoke in Heaven."

"Quand' io veggio dal ciel scender l'Aurora,"

WHENE'ER with golden locks and blushing brow
 I see Aurora in the eastern sky,
 Love pales my cheek, and with a grief-born sigh,
 Gazing I murmur—"There is Laura now."
 More blest, more happy, O Tithonus, thou—
 For thou thy lovely treasure canst regain;
 But I, the sweetest Laurel not again
 Shall e'er behold, till Death shall lay me low.
 Your daily partings are not so severe,
 For with returning light again is brought
 She, who thine aged locks doth still revere:
 But day and night to me appear the same,
 Since she hath fled, and with her every thought,
 Nor aught hath left me but her verdant name.

"Sento l'aura mia antica: e i dolci colli,"

I FEEL my ancient air, and the sweet hills
 Again I see, from whence arose that light
 That whilst Heaven pleased shone on my eager sight:
 Now it hath set, the tear mine eyelid fills.
 O fond, O faded hopes! O thoughts too vain!
 Parched is the mead, the rills have fled away,—
 Empty and cold the nest wherein she lay,
 In which I live, who now to die am fain;
 Hoping that at the end of so much woe
 By those dear eyes that held my heart in thrall
 Some sweet repose from sorrow I should know.
 Oh! I have served a lord of cruel ways,
 And though I lavished on his altar all,
 The ashes strewn are all he e'er repays.

"E questo 'l nido in che la mia Fenice,"

Is this the nest in which my Phoenix fair
 Reposed her golden-tinted azure wings;
 'Neath which she held my heart, and from its strings
 Drew forth the songs or sighs of love or care?
 O! source of all my joy and my despair,—
 Where is that lovely face whose light still flings
 A lucid lustre o'er terrestrial things?
 Once, lone on earth, in heaven 'tis thine to share
 A happy lot; but thou hast left me here
 Indeed alone, so that thy sacred tomb
 (By thee made such) I wet with many a tear:
 While on the hills, Night's darkest shadows stay,
 From whence thou fled'st, and left'st eternal gloom
 Where once thine eyes did make delightful day.

"L'aura, e l'odore, e 'l refrigerio, e l'ombra,"

THE air, the fragrance, the refreshing shade
 Of the sweet laurel, and its flowery grace,
 Which I the solace of my life had made,
 He hath destroyed, who all things doth displace.
 As when the Moon before the Sun hath strayed,
 So I, the lustre of my fair one's face
 Have lost: I ask of Death against Death aid,
 Such wild and gloomy thoughts do Love disgrace.
 Beautiful lady! thou hast quickly slept:
 Now if awakened 'mid the chosen bands
 Where stainless souls their Maker's essence share;
 And, if I Poesy's true light have kept,—
 Twine my poor wreath with thy immortal hands,
 That time my verse for noble minds may spare.

" *Ite rime dolenti, al duro sasso,*"

Go, plaintive verse, to the dull marble go,
Which hides in earth my treasure from these eyes;
There call on her who answers from yon skies,
Although the mortal part dwells dark and low.
Of life how I am wearied make her know,
Of stemming these dread waves that round me rise.
But, copying all her virtues I so prize,
Her track I follow, yet my steps are slow.—
I sing of her, living or dead, alone:
(Dead did I say? She is immortal made!)
That by the world she should be loved and known.
O, in my passage hence may she be near,
To greet my coming that's not long delayed:
And may I hold in heaven the rank herself holds there!

" *Volo con l'ali de' pensieri al cielo,*"

So often on the wings of thought I fly
Up to Heaven's blissful seat, that I appear
As one of those whose treasure is lodged there,
The rent veil of mortality thrown by.
A pleasing chillness thrills my heart, while I
Listen her voice, who bids me paleness wear—
" Ah! now, my friend, I love thee, now revere,
For changed thy face, and manners!" doth she cry.
She leads me to her Lord: and then I bow,
Preferring humble prayer, he would allow
That I his glorious face, and hers might see.
Thus he replies:—" Thy destiny's secure;
To stay some twenty, or some ten years more,
Is but a little space, though long it seems to thee."

LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

TRANSLATED BY ROSCOE.

"Lasso a me," &c.

ALAS! for me, whene'er my footsteps trace
Those precincts where eternal beauty reigns,
The sanguine current from a thousand veins
Flows round my heart, and pallid grows my face :
But when I mark that smile of heavenly grace,
Its wonted powers my drooping soul regains ;
Whilst Love, that in her eyes his state maintains,
Points to my wandering heart its resting place ;
And stooping from his beamy mansion, swears,
" By all that forms my powers and points my dart,
The living lustre of those radiant eyes,
I still will guide thy way ; dismiss thy fears ;
True are those looks of love." My trusting heart
Believes th' insidious vow—and from me flies.

"Cerchi chi vuol," &c.

SEEK he who will in grandeur to be blest,
Place in proud halls, and splendid courts his joy;
For pleasure, or for gold, his arts employ,
Whilst all his hours unnumbered cares molest.
—A little field in native flow'rets drest,
A rivulet in soft murmurs gliding by,
A bird whose love-sick notes salute the sky,
With sweeter magic lull my cares to rest.
And shadowy woods, and rocks, and towering hills,
And caves obscure, and nature's free-born train,
And some lone nymph that timorous speeds along,
Each in my mind some gentle thought instils
Of those bright eyes that absence shrouds in vain;—
Ah, gentle thoughts! soon lost the city cares among.

"Oimè, che belle lagrime," &c.

AN! pearly drops, that pouring from those eyes,
Spoke the dissolving cloud of soft desire,
What time cold sorrow chilled the genial fire,
"Struck the fair urns and bade the waters rise."
Soft down those cheeks, where native crimson vies
With ivory whiteness, see the crystals throng;
As some clear river winds its stream along,
Bathing the flowers of pale and purple dyes.
Whilst Love, rejoicing in the amorous shower,
Stands like some bird, that after sultry heats,
Enjoys the drops, and shakes his glittering wings;
Then grasps his bolt, and conscious of his power,
'Midst those bright orbs assumes his wonted seat,
And through the lucid shower his living lightning flings.

"Non di verdi giardin," &c.

Nor from the verdant garden's cultured bound,
That breathes of Pæstum's aromatic gale,
We sprung; but nurslings of the lonely vale,
'Midst woods obscure, and native glooms, were found.
'Midst woods and glooms, whose tangled brakes around
Once Venus sorrowing traced, as all forlorn
She sought Adonis, when a lurking thorn
Deep on her foot impressed an impious wound.
Then prone to earth we bowed our pallid flowers,
And caught the drops divine; the purple dyes
Tinging the lustre of our native hue:
Nor summer gales, nor art-conducted showers
Have nursed our slender forms, but lovers' sighs
Have been our gales, and lovers' tears our dew.

FANCIFUL DESCRIPTION OF THE FORMATION OF A
LOVER'S CHAIN.

DEAR are those bonds my willing heart that bind,
Formed of three chords, in mystic union twined;
The first by beauty's rosy fingers wove,
The next by pity, and the third by love.
—The hour that gave this wondrous texture birth,
Saw in sweet union, heaven, and air, and earth;
Serene and soft all ether breathed delight,
The sun diffused a mild and tempered light;
New leaves the trees, sweet flowers adorned the mead,
And sparkling rivers gushed along the glade.
Reposed on Jove's own breast, his favorite child,
The Cyprian queen, beheld the scene and smiled;
Then with both hands, from her ambrosial head,
And amorous breast, a shower of roses shed;
The heavenly shower, descending soft and slow,
Poured all its fragrance on my fair below;
Whilst all benign the ruler of the spheres
To sounds celestial opened mortal ears.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

TRANSLATED BY WORDSWORTH.

Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
Who such Divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and make pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

No mortal object did these eyes behold
When first they met the placid light of thine ;
And my Soul felt her destiny divine,
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold :
Heaven-born, the Soul a heavenward course must hold ;
Beyond the visible world She soars to seek
(For what delights the scene is false and weak)
Ideal Form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes : nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time depend.
'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
That kills the soul : love betterers what is best,
Even here below, but more in heaven above.

TO THE SUPREME BEING.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed :
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only where Thou sayest it may :
Unless Thou shew to us thine own true way
No man can find it :—Father ! Thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread ;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

MANFREDI.

“ Il primo albor non appariva ancora.”

No blush of morn yet o'er th' horizon stole,
When with my Phillis 'neath a mountain tree
I stood, now listening to her joyous soul,
Now praying Heaven to woo the daylight free :
Thou wilt behold, I said, far o'er the sea
The fair Aurora make her sweet return,
And paling, as with fear, away shall flee
The timid stars that round Olympus burn :
And then thou'lt see the Sun, before whose light
Alike Aurora and the stars shall wane :
But I shall see what thou wilt *not*, more bright
Than Sun, or Morning, or the Starry train ;—
Thy beauteous eyes look up with fond delight,
Against whose beams all other shine in vain.

TASSO.

TRANSLATED BY HOOLE.

"Sed' Icara leggesti," &c.

OFT have we heard, in Po's imperial tide
How hapless Phaëton was headlong thrown,
Who durst aspire the Sun's bright steeds to guide,
And wreath his brows with splendors not his own !
Oft have we heard, how 'midst th' Icarian main,
Fell the rash youth who tried too bold a flight ;
Thus shall it fare with him, who seeks in vain
On mortal wings to reach th' empyreal height.
But who inspired by love can dangers fear !
What cannot love, who guides the rolling sphere ;
Whose powerful magic, earth and heaven controls ?
Love brought Diana from the starry skies,
Smit with the beauties of a mortal eye ;
Love snatched the boy of Ida to the poles.

ON THE THREE LEONORAS.*

"Tre gran donne vid' io," &c.

THREE courtly dames before my presence stood;
 All lovely formed, though differing in grace:
 Yet each resembled each; for Nature showed
 A sister's air in every mein and face.
 Each maid I praised; but one above the rest,
 Soon kindled in my heart the lover's fire:
 For her these sighs still issue from my breast;
 Her name, her beauties, still my song inspire.
 Yet though to her alone my thoughts are due,
 Reflected in the rest her charms I view,
 And in their semblance still the nymph adore:
 Delusion sweet! from this to that I rove;
 But while I wander, sigh, and fear to prove
 A traitor thus to Love's almighty power.

TRANSLATED BY MICKLE.

"Vasco! le cui felici," &c.

Vasco, whose bold and happy bowsprit bore
 Against the rising morn; and, homeward fraught,
 Whose sails came westward with the day, and brought
 The wealth of India to thy native shore;
 Ne'er did the Greek such length of seas explore,
 The Greek who sorrow to the Cyclop wrought;
 And he, who victor, with the harpies fought,
 Never such pomp of naval honours wore.
 Great as thou art, and peerless in renown,
 Yet thou to Camoens owest thy noblest fame;
 Further than thou didst sail, his deathless song
 Shall bear the dazzling splendour of thy name;
 And under many a sky thy actions crown,
 While time and fame together glide along.

* Leonora d'Este, the real object of Tasso's adoration; Leonora di Sanvitale, Countess of Scandiano, is the other Leonora, who has puzzled all the biographers; a third Leonora was said to exist in the person of the Countess's favorite attendant: but this is untrue. The name of Leonora's waiting maid was Laura.—Mrs. JAMESON.

ARIOSTO.

TRANSLATED BY HOOLE.

"*Quel' arboscel,*" &c.

YON tree, that near the rivulet's pleasing scene,
Than pines or myrtles sweeter scents the gale,
Whose boughs, for ever gay, for ever green,
Nor drop in summer, nor in winter fail,
Bears her dear name,* whose beauties fill my heart,
And o'er my senses boundless sway maintain ;
From whom no change can force me to depart,
While fortune shifts her varied face in vain !
Should some fair planet, from benignant skies,
Befriend a lover's cares, a lover's sighs,
And kindly lead him to the goal designed,
Though haply Phœbus chide, or Bacchus frown,
Their slighted leaves shall ne'er my temples crown,
But this loved tree my happy brows shall bind.

* Ginevro, the juniper tree. The object of his first attachment was a young girl of the Florentine family of the Lapi, whose name was Geneva. The poet appears to have forsaken her for his more enduring affection for Alessandra Strozzi.

PETROCCHI.

TRANSLATED BY ROGERS.

"Io chiesi al Tempo," &c.

I SAID to Time, "This venerable pile,
Its floor the earth, its roof the firmament,
Whose was it once?" He answered not, but fled
Fast as before. I turned to Fame, and asked.
"Names such as his, to thee they must be known.
Speak!" But she answered only with a sigh,
And, musing mournfully, looked on the ground.
Then to Oblivion I addressed myself,
A dismal phantom, sitting at the gate;
And with a voice as from the grave, she cried,
"Whose it was once I care not; now 'tis mine."

BUONDELMONTE.

Love, under Friendship's vesture white,
Laughs, his little limbs concealing;
And oft in sport, and oft in spite,
Like Pity meets the dazzled sight,
Smiles through his tears revealing.

But now as Rage the God appears!
He frowns, and tempests shake his frame!—
Frowning, or smiling, or in tears,
'Tis Love; and Love is still the same.

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE, BY LORD STRANGFORD.

WHILE on the margin of his native shores,
In death's cold hour the silver cygnet lies,
Soft melodies of woe, and tuneful sighs,
And lamentation wild, he plaintive pours,
Still charmed of life—and whilst he yet deplores
The drear, dark night that seals his closing eyes,
In murmured grief for lost existence, dies!
So, Lady, (thou whom still my soul adores,)
While scarcely ling'ring in a world of pain,
My wearied spirit treads the verge of death,
O Lady, then thy Poet's parting breath
Shall faintly animate his final song,
To tell of broken vows, and cold disdain,
And unrequited love, and cruel wrong!

TO ESTACIO DE FARIA.

EUSTACE! or when you wield the pondrous spear,
Or mingle in the bard's romantic throng,
To you, eternal palms of fame belong!
To Mars alike, and to the Muses dear,
Whether adown the waves of war you steer,
Or sail upon the tranquil streams of song.
O, if awhile, with cadence clear and strong,
My reed might hope to charm your learnèd ear,
All undebased by ought of pastoral sound,
Then, Eustace, would that humble reed proclaim,
How you (for valour as for verse renowned)
Shall win the warrior's and the poet's praise,
And like a watch-tow'r on the steeps of fame,
Show'r light upon the sons of distant days.

SLOWLY and heavily the time has run
Which I have journeyed on this earthly stage :
For scarcely entering on my prime of age,
Grief marked me for her own ; ere yonder sun
Had the fifth lustrum of my days begun :
And since, compulsive Fate and fortune's rage
Have led my steps a long, long pilgrimage,
In search of lost repose, but finding none !
For that fell star which o'er my cradle hung,
Forced me from dear Alamquer's rustic charms,
To combat perils strange and dire alarms,
'Midst that rough main, whose angry waters roar
Rude Abyssinia's caverned cliffs among,
Far from green Portugal's parental shore.

ON THE MORNING OF HIS DEPARTURE FROM LISBON.

TILL the lover's tears at parting cease to flow,
Nor sundered hearts by strong despair be torn ;
So long recorded be that April morn
When gleams of joy were dashed with show'rs of woe :
Scarce had the purpling east began to glow,
Of mournful men it saw me most forlorn ;
Saw those hard pangs, by gentle bosoms borne,
The hardest sure that gentle bosoms know.
—But oh, it saw Love's charming secret told
By tears fast dropping from celestial eyes,
By sobs of grief, and by such piteous sighs
As e'en might turn th' infernal caverns cold,
And make the guilty deem their sufferings ease,
Their torments luxury—compared to these.

My senses lost, misjudging men declare,
And Reason banished from her mental throne,
Because I shun the crowd, and dwell alone
In the calm trance of undisturbed despair,
Tears all my pleasure—all my comfort care ;
But I have known, from long experience known,
How vain the worship to those idols shown,
Which charm the world, and reign unrivalled there ;
Proud dreams of pow'r, and fortune's gilded glare,
The lights that blaze in tall Ambition's tow'r.
For such, let others waste life's little hour
In toil and weary search, but be it mine,
Lady, to muse of thee, and in my bow'r
Pour to thy praise the soul-impassioned line.

WHEN from my heart the hand of Fortune tore
Those smiling hopes that cheered mine earlier day,
Would that she too had kindly borne away
The sweetly sad remembrances of yore.
I should not then, as now, in tears deplore
My buried bliss, and comfort's fast decay ;
For Love (on whom my vain dependance lay)
Still ling'ring on delights that live no more,
Kills all my peace, whene'er the tyrant sees
My spirit taste a little hour of ease ;
Fell star of fate, thou never canst employ
A torment teeming with severer smart,
Than that which Memory pours upon the heart,
While clinging round the sepulchre of joy.

TO THE RIVER MONDEGO.

MONDEGO, thou whose waters cold and clear
Gird those green banks, where Fancy fain would stray,
Fondly to muse on that departed day
When Hope was kind, and Friendship seemed sincere;
—Ere I had purchased knowledge with a tear.
—Mondego, though I bend my pilgrim way
To other shores, where other fountains stray,
And other rivers roll their proud career,
Still, nor shall time, nor grief, nor stars severe,
Nor widening distance, e'er prevail in aught
To make thee less to this sad bosom dear;
And Memory oft, by old Affection taught,
Shall lightly speed upon the plumes of thought,
To bathe amongst thy waters cold and clear.

COME, tell me, fairest, from what orient mine,
Where undiscovered lurk the springs of day,
Did thy triumphant tresses steal away
Their sunny tinges, and their hues divine?
What magic makes thine eye so sweetly shine,
Like the clear breaking of a summer's day?
And when did Ocean's rifled caves resign
The pearly wealth thy parted lips betray,
When they are severed by seducing smiles?
—Yet hear me, fairest, since with barbarous care,
Such store of blandishment and dangerous wiles
To thee thy star's propitious genius gave,—
Warned by the self-adorer's fate, beware,
Nor gaze on yonder fount's reflecting wave.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF HIS EARLIEST FRIEND, DON
ANTONIO DE NORONHA, WHO WAS SLAIN IN BATTLE.

DEAR lost Antonio!—whilst I yet deplore
My bosom's friend—and mourn the withering blow,
Which laid, in manly flow'r, the warrior low,
Whose valour shamed the glorious deeds of yore;
E'en while mine eyes their humid tribute pour,
My spirit feels a sad delight, to know
That thou hast but resigned a world of woe
For one, where pains and griefs shall wound no more;
Though torn, alas! from this sublunar sphere,
For ever torn, by War's ungentle hand,
Still, were the Muse but as Affection strong,
My dead Antonio should revive in song,
And, graced by Poetry's "melodious tear,"
Live, in the memory of a grateful land!

SILENT and cool, now fresh'ning breezes blow
Where groves of chesnut crown yon shadowy steep;
And all around the tears of Evening weep
For closing day, whose vast orb, westering slow,
Flings o'er the embattled clouds a mellower glow,
While hum of folded herds, and murmuring deep,
And falling rills, such gentle cadence keep,
As e'en might soothe the weary heart of woe;
Yet what to me is eve, what evening airs,
Or falling rills, or ocean's murmuring sound,
While sad and comfortless I seek in vain
Her who in absence turns my joy to cares,
And as I cast my listless glances round,
Makes varied scenery but varied pain!

TO DON LOPEZ DE LEYTAO.

O LOPEZ!—yesterday the stars were kind,
 And on my lowly state so fairly smiled,
 That even thou, though Fortune's favoured child,
 For mine, would gladly have thy lot resigned.
 Her form I saw, who chains thy prisoned mind;
 Her voice I heard, which musically mild,
 While like a spell it every sense beguiled,
 E'en lulled to peace the rude and restless wind!
 —Lopez! that voice such rare persuasion armed,
 That, in a word, our hearts it better charmed
 Than others could in thrice a thousand more:
 How have I since 'gainst Fortune raved and Love,
 'Cause that blind boy compels us thus to adore
 Her, whom high fortune rears our hopes above!

ON THE DEATH OF DONNA CATERINA DE ATAIDE.

THOSE charming eyes, within whose starry sphere
 Love whilom sat, and smiled the hours away;
 Those braids of light that shamed the beams of day,
 That hand benignant, and that heart sincere;
 Those virgin cheeks, which did so late appear
 Like snowbanks scattered with the blooms of May,
 Turned to a little cold and worthless clay,
 Are gone—for ever gone—and perish here,
 —But not unbathed by Memory's warmest tear!
 —Death! thou hast torn, in one unpitying hour,
 That fragrant plant, to which, while scarce a flower,
 The mellow fruitage of its prime was given;
 Love saw the deed—and as he lingered near,
 Sighed o'er the ruin, and returned to Heaven!



SACRED AND ECCLESIASTICAL.



PETRARCH.

"I'vo piangendo i miei passati tempi,"

I MOURN the wreck of years untimely spent
In the concerns of base mortality,
Without a wish to rise, though Heaven had lent
The wings, and given a soul, and strength to fly.
Thou, who inhabitest Eternity,
Immortal, and invisible, present
Aid to my weakness, to my wants supply,
And guide my spirit wand'ring and o'erspent.
If I have lived in tempests, let me die
In peace, and in the harbour;—if my stay
Were vain, more noble let my parting be.
And let Thy gracious hand be ever nigh
Through the short remnant of my sinking day:
My hope, Thou know'st, is fixed alone on Thee!

"Padre del Ciel dopo i perduti giorni,"

FATHER of Heaven!—full many a wasted day,
And weary, wakeful night, this heart hath worn
In one bright vision, wasting now away
And leaving it all desolate, forlorn:—
O! with Thy gracious light direct my feet
To a more peaceful way, a nobler love.
Guide Thou a wanderer to that blest retreat,
The clouds and cares of this dark world above.
For Thou, my Lord, hast seen year after year
Roll on in sadness, since this heart of mine
Bowed to that yoke alike on all severe;
Now weak and faint I ask Thy hand divine
To fix each rebel thought, and vagrant tear,
Saviour of all! upon that Cross of Thine.

BARNABY BARNES.

Unto my spirit lend an angel's wing,
By which it might mount to that place of rest,
Where Paradise may me relieve, oppress!
Lend to my tongue an angel's voice to sing!
Thy praise my comfort; and for ever bring
My notes thereof from the bright east to west!
Thy mercy lend unto my soul distress!
Thy grace unto my wits!—then shall the sling
Of righteousness that monster Satan kill,
Who with despair my dear salvation dared,
And like the Philistine, stood breathing still
Proud threats against my soul, for heaven prepared;
At length, I like an angel shall appear,
In spotless white, an angel's crown to wear!

THE Sun of our soul's light Thee would I call!
But for our light Thou didst the bright sun make;
Nor reason that thy majesty should take
Thy chiefest subjects' epithets at all.
Our chief direction's Star celestial,
(But that the stars for our direction's sake,
Thou fixed, and canst at thy pleasure shake,)
I would Thee name! The Rock substantial
Of our assurance I would term thy name!
But that all rocks by thy command were made,
If Kings of kings thy majesty became,
Monarch of monarchs I Thee would have said!
But Thou givest kingdoms, and makest crowns unstable:
By these I know thy name ineffable!

WORDSWORTH.

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY.

How beautiful your presence, how benign,
Servants of God! who not a thought will share
With the vain world; who, outwardly as bare
As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine!
Such Priest, when service worthy of his care
Has called him forth to breathe the common air,
Might seem a saintly Image from its shrine
Descended:—happy are the eyes that meet
The apparition; evil thoughts are stayed
At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat
A benediction from his voice or hand;
Whence grace, through which the heart can understand;
And vows, that bind the will, in silence made.

SECLUSION.

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquished—at his side
A bead-roll, in his hand a claspèd book,
Or staff more harmless than a shepherd's crook,
The war-worn Chieftain quits the world—to hide
His thin autumnal locks where Monks abide
In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell
In soft repose he comes. Within his cell,
Round the decaying trunk of human pride,
At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour,
Do penitential cogitations cling:
Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine
In grisly folds and strictures serpentine;
Yet, while they strangle without mercy, bring
For recompense their own perennial bower.

SECLUSION (*continued.*)

METHINKS that to some vacant Hermitage
My feet would rather turn—to some dry nook
Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook
Hurled down a mountain-cove from stage to stage,
Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage
In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;
Thence creeping under forest arches cool,
Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
Would elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,
A maple dish, my furniture should be;
Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the hooting Owl
My night-watch: nor should e'er the crested fowl
From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
Tired of the world and all its industry.

REPROOF.

BUT what if One, through grove or flowery mead,
Indulging thus at will the creeping feet
Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet
Thy hovering Shade, O venerable Bede!
The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat
Of learning, where thou heard'st the billows beat
On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!
The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt
Imposed on human kind, must first forget
Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
Of a long life; and, in the hour of death,
The last dear service of thy passing breath!

REPROOF (*continued.*)

MINE ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued,
 Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,
 When each pale brow to dread hosannas bowed,
 While clouds of incense mounting veiled the rood,
 That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed
 Through Alpine vapours. Such appalling rite
 Our Church prepares not, trusting to the might
 Of simple truth with grace divine imbued;
 Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
 Like men ashamed: the Sun with his first smile
 Shall greet that symbol crowning the low pile:
 And the fresh air of "incense-breathing morn"
 Shall wooingly embrace it; and green moss
 Creep round its arms through centuries unborn.

 NEW CHURCH-YARD.

THE encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,
 Is now by solemn consecration given
 To social interests, and to favouring Heaven;
 And where the rugged colts their gambols played,
 And wild deer bounded through the forest glade,
 Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven,
 Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even;
 And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade
 Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture small,
 But infinite in grasp of weal and woe!
 Hope, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow,—
 The spousal trembling—and the "dust to dust"—
 The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust
 That to the Almighty Father looks through all.

ON EDWARD THE SIXTH.

"SWEET is the holiness of Youth,"—so felt
Time-honoured Chaucer, when he framed the lay
By which the Prioress beguiled the way,
And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.
Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit often dwelt
In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
King, Child, and Seraph, blended in the mien
Of pious Edward, kneeling as he knelt
In meek and simple infancy, what joy
For universal Christendom had thrilled
Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled
(O great Precursor, genuine morning Star!)
The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

ON WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

THERE are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of Faith and purest Charity
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen :
O could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright ;
Apart, like glow-worms on a summer night ;
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray ; or seen, like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

ON PLACES OF WORSHIP.

As star that shines dependent upon star
Is to the sky while we look up in love;
As to the deep fair ships, which though they move
Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from afar;
As to the sandy desert fountains are,
With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,
Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native falls
Of roving tired or desultory war;
Such to this British Isle her Christian Fanes,
Each linked to each for kindred services;
Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glittering vanes
Far kenne'd, her Churches lurking among trees,
Where a few villagers on bended knees
Find solace which a busy world disdains.

THE PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat Mansion, where his Flock among
The learnèd Pastor dwells, their watchful lord.
Though meek and patient as a sheathèd sword,
Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong
To human kind; though peace be on his tongue,
Gentleness in his heart; can earth afford
Such genuine state, préeminence so free,
As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
For resubjecting to divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious Man?

THE LITURGY.

Yes, if the intensities of hope and fear
Attract us still, and passionate exercise
Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies
Distinct with signs—through which, in fixed career,
As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year
Of England's Church—stupendous mysteries!
Which whoso travels in her bosom, eyes
As he approaches them, with solemn cheer.
Enough for us to cast a transient glance
The circle through; relinquishing its story
For those whom Heaven hath fitted to advance,
And, harp in hand, rehearse the King of Glory—
From his mild advent till his countenance
Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary.

BAPTISM.

BLEST be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs
Of Infancy, provides a timely shower,
Whose virtue changes to a Christian flower,
A growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds!
Fittest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministration; while parental Love
Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above
As the high service pledges now, now pleads.
There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings and fly
To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
The tombs which hear and answer that brief cry,
The Infant's notice of his second birth,
Recal the wandering soul to sympathy
With what Man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from Earth.

SPONSORS.

FATHER !—to God himself we cannot give
 A holier name! Then lightly do not bear
 Both names conjoined—but of thy spiritual care
 Be duly mindful; still more sensitive
 Do *Thou*, in truth, a second *Mother*, strive
 Against disheartening custom, that by Thee
 Watched, and with love and pious industry
 Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive
 For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure
 This Ordinance, whether loss it would supply,
 Prevent omission, help deficiency,
 Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
 Shame if the consecrated Vow be found
 An idle form, the *Word* an empty sound!

CATECHISING.

FROM Little down to Least—in due degree,
 Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest,
 Each with a vernal posy at his breast,
 We stood, a trembling, earnest company!
 With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,
 Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed;
 And some a bold unerring answer made:
 How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,
 Belovèd Mother! Thou whose happy hand
 Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie:
 Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible command
 Her countenance, phantom-like, doth réappear:
 O lost too early for the frequent tear,
 And ill-requited by this heart-felt sigh!

CONFIRMATION.

THE young ones gathered in from hill and dale,
With holiday delight on every brow :
'Tis passed away ; far other thoughts prevail ;
For they are taking the baptismal Vow,
Upon their conscious selves ; their own lips speak
The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail,
And many a blooming, many a lovely cheek
Under the holy fear of God turns pale,
While on each head His lawn-robed Servant lays
An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
The Covenant. The Omnipotent will raise
Their feeble souls ; and bear with *his* regrets,
Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels
That ere the Sun goes down their childhood sets.

CONTINUED.

I SAW a Mother's eye intensely bent
Upon a Maiden trembling as she knelt ;
In and for whom the pious Mother felt
Things that we judge of by a light too faint :
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse, or Saint !
Tell what rushed in, from what she was relieved—
Then—when her Child the hallowing touch received,
And such vibration to the Mother went
That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams appear ?
Opened a vision of that blissful place
Where dwells a sister-child ? And was power given
Part of her lost One's glory back to trace
Even to this rite ? For thus *she* knelt, and, ere
The summer-leaf had faded, passed to Heaven.

ON THE SPOT WHERE A CHURCH WAS TO BE ERECTED.

Be this the chosen site ;—the virgin sod,
Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,
Shall disappear—and grateful earth receive
The corner-stone from hands that build to God.
Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the rod
Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully ;
Those forest oaks of Druid memory,
Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode
Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid this band
Of daisies, shepherds sat of yore and wove
May-garlands, let the holy Altar stand
For kneeling adoration ; while—above,
Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove,
That shall from Blasphemy protect the Land.

CATHEDRALS.

Open your Gates, ye everlasting Piles !
Types of the Spiritual Church which God hath reared ;
Not loath we quit the newly-hallowed sward
And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles
To kneel—or thrid your intricate defiles—
Or down the nave to pace in motion slow ;
Watching with upward eye, the tall tower grow
And mount, at every step, with living wiles
Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will
By a bright ladder to the world above.
Open your gates, ye monuments of love
Divine ! thou, Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill !
Thou, stately York ! and ye, whose splendours cheer
Isis and Cam, to patient science dear !

MRS. HEMANS.

ON THE SABBATH DAY.—COMPOSED DURING HER LAST
ILLNESS.

How many blessèd groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose paths their way
Toward spire, and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day.
The Halls, from old heroic ages grey,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlet low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound;—yet, oh, my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

ON THE OLIVE TREE.

THE palm,—the vine,—the cedar,—each hath power
To bid fair oriental shapes glance by,
And each quick glistening of the laurel bower
Wafts Grecian images o'er fancy's eye:
But thou, pale Olive! in *thy* branches lie
Far deeper spells than prophet-grove of old
Might e'er enshrine:—I could not hear thee sigh
To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold
One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,
Without high thoughts and solemn, of that scene
When, in the Garden, the Redeemer prayed—
When pale stars looked upon His fainting head,
And angels ministering in silent dread
Trembled, perchance, within thy trembling shade.

BISHOP MANT.

THE REUNION OF FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

THERE is a void in torn affection's heart
Which yearns to be supplied; on God's high will
Though it repose submissively, yet still
Of those who bore in its regards a part
The cherished forms it holds, as in a chart
Depicted, hoping He may yet fulfil
Their restitution. Pardon it, if ill
Lurk in that hope, good Father! True Thou art,—
Thou sayest the just shall bliss in fulness prove,
And what Thou sayest, Thy bounty will provide :
And yet, meseems, the blissful souls above,
The sense of earth's sweet charities denied,
Might feel a craving in those realms of love,
By angel hosts and patriarchs unsupplied.

ANONYMOUS.

ABSENCE.

ON the dark trees the glancing moonlight lies ;
A cross is gleaming in the silver calm,
Shedding o'er hearts found meet a holier balm ;
Night's viewless piper in the casement plies
His busy task, into wild melodies
Moulding the air, now like the whispering palm,
Moved by the wind, now mounting to a Psalm
Of solemn and strange sound, the music dies.
And thou that holy Cross shalt see again,
And hear those melodies made through the ears
Of silence. What is this that makes me sad ?
My Brother, thoughts of thee should make me glad,
Not sorrowful.—I know not how—but when
I think of thee my eye is wet with tears.

THE BROTHERS.

My brother!—one long-cherished thought has been
At my heart's fountain,—that we might hath trod,
Linked in one destiny along life's road,
E'en as in heart: sweet fellowship! But 'tween
Our shadowings and their ends doth intervene
One that doth love us, shaping all for good.
His hand around me in my solitude
In syllables of mercy, have I seen
Visibly characterized. I read and bless
The high behest with heartfelt thankfulness.
My brother!—there is that which sweet to me
Whispereth, if I attain that heavenly shore,
That I shall be with thee, nor seas no more
Nor mountains part us everlastingly.

ON CONSUMPTION.

HER ways were ways of innocence and glee,
But pain is all her dower, and stern disease,
While darkness shrouds the shore where sorrows cease;
At Death's dim portal, wed with agony,
She sits, 'mid sights of fevered phantasy;
While ever and anon Ocean's wild roar,
And that dark shadowy boat, is at the door;
And earth-born vapours veil that star on high
That lights eternity: but yet to Heav'n
At each calm interval to anguish given
She lifted her full eye, and thankful smile:
Meek soul, to sorrow reconciled awhile,
And each dark hour with thorns of sorrow strewn,
Shall add a gem to thine eternal crown.

THE SEPTEMBER NOON.

FAR o'er the aërial roof dark curtains crowd ;
The groves in greener freshness, far and near,
Like souls with sorrow stricken, lovelier wear
The darkness, 'neath the dank and watery shroud,
Save here askance and there, on ruined wall,
Or knotted trunk grotesque, stray gleamings fall,
And stilly heard, from out the neighbouring wood,
The lonely bird singing to solitude,
Singing of silvery lights with Autumn blending,
And rays that cheer the Winter ; naught to wake
The trees all motionless on leaden lake !
Then the arched Heav'ns came down in shades descending,
And all was twilight, save, beyond the gloom,
A yellow gleam slumbering upon a tomb.

THE WINTER'S NIGHT.

CALM and still hour, how coldly beautiful !
Above—the Moon in the most dark serene,
With all her stars : below—one varied scene
Of wild resplendency, gentle as wool
Or kingly ermine : storied pine-trees, full
Loaded with hanging beauty, towers of green
Erewhile, now snowy pyramids are seen,
With stars that peep between. Nature's soft rule,
Dropping the shadow-like and noiseless shower
Of shelter, on the night and wintry hour,
Making them lovely ! 'Tis the same doth suage
Sorrow's keen edge, and builds for silvery age
A snow-embowered and hoary hermitage,
The covering of an unseen holy Power.

THE EVENING AFTER A SNOW STORM.

THE wind and snow which on the hedgerow clings,
Have been at play, and shapes of beauteous mould
Their tricks of vagrant fantasy unfold;
Haply in semblance of celestial things.
Where now the Sun his parting lustre flings,
Careful to spare, innocuous and cold,
He sees below all silvery pure, and brings
The skies in gentle rivalry to gold,
Staining the clouds that tend his evening bower.
O Lord, if these so marvellously fair,
The things Thou doest for one passing hour,
So delicately gentle, soft, and pure,
Then what must be those scenes which shall endure,
And those Thy mansions which eternal are?

THE DAILY SERVICE.

"Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I
in the midst of them."

AND are we then alone on holy ground,
Most gracious Father?—Are we then alone,
Because the world regards not, and is gone?
Where are the solemn dead which lie around,—
Are they not with us?—Are thy courts not crowned
With spiritual hosts about, while the sweet tone
Still lingers round thine Altars?—Are they flown,
Bearing no more to see their God disowned?
Has the great Michael left us, mighty arm,
Gabriel our fortitude, and the blest charm
Of Raphael's healing name? In my heart's fear
I heard a voice, "Be still, and lowly bend;—
While two or three remain, thy Lord is here,
And where His presence is, His Hosts attend."

ANONYMOUS.

Is there no sound about our Altars heard
 Of gliding forms that long have watched in vain
 For slumbering discipline to break her chain,
 And aim the bolts by Theodosius feared?
 "Let us depart!"—these English souls
 Who for one grasp of perishable gold,
 Would have the curse by holy men of old
 Laid on the robbers of the shrines they reared;
 Who shout for joy to see the ruffian band
 Come to reform, where ne'er they came to pray,
 Even where, unbidden, Seraphs never trod.
 Let us depart, and leave the apostate Land
 To meet the rising whirlwind as she may,
 Without her guardian Angels and her God.

ATHANASIAN CREED.

SEEK we some realm where virgin souls may pray
 In faith untarnished by the sophist's scorn,
 And duly raise on each diviner morn
 The Psalm that gathers in one glorious morn
 All chants that e'er from heaven to earth found way:
 Majestic march! as meet to guide and time
 Man's wandering path in life's ungenial clime,
 As Aaron's trump for the dead Ark's array.
 Creed of the Saints, and Anthem of the Blest,
 And calm-breathed warning of the kindest love
 That ever heaved a wakeful mother's breast,
 (True love is bold, and gravely dares reprove,)
 Who knows but myriads owe their endless rest
 To thy recalling, tempted else to rove?

BURIAL SERVICE.

AND they who grudge the Omnipotent His praise,
What wonder if they grudge the dead his hope?
The irreverent restless eye finds room and scope,
E'en by the grave, to wrangle, pry, and gaze.
Heaven in its mercy hides, but man displays;
Heaven throws a gleam, where they would darken all;
A shade, where they, forgetting worm and pall,
Sing triumph; they excite, but Heaven allays.
Alas! for England's mourners, if denied
The soothing tones of Hope, though faint and low,
Or swoln up high, with partial tearless pride!
Better in silence hide their dead, and go,
Than sing a hopeless dirge, or coldly chide
The faith that owns release from earthly woe."

LENGTH OF PRAYERS.

BUT Faith is cold, and wilful men are strong,
And the blithe world, with bells and harness proud,
Rides tinkling by, so musical and loud,
It drowns the Eternal Word, the Angelic Song;
And one by one the weary listless throng
Steals out of Church, and leaves the Choir unseen
Of wingèd Guards to weep, where prayer had been,
That souls immortal find that hour too long.
Most fatal token of a falling age!
Wit ever busy, Learning ever new,
Unsleeping Fancy, Eloquence untired;—
Prayer only dull! The Saint's and Martyr's page
A tedious scroll; the scorned and faithful few
Left to bewail such beauty undesired.

Sons of our Mother!—such the indignant strain
 Might haply strike, this hour, a pastor's ear,
 Purged to discern, for once, the ærial train
 Of heavenly Centinels yet lingering here;
 And what if, blending with the chaunt austere,
 A soft inviting note attune the close?

“ We go;—but faithful hearts will find us near,
 Who cling beside their Mother in her woes,
 Who love the rites that erst their fathers loved,
 Nor tire of David's Hymn, nor Jesus' Prayer:—
 Their quiet Altars, wheresoe'er removed,
 Shall clear with incense sweet the unholy air;
 In persecution safe, in scorn approved,
 Angels, and He who rules them, will be there.”

HOME.

WHERE'ER I roam in this fair English land,
 The vision of a Temple meets my eyes;
 Modest without; within, all-glorious rise
 Its love-enclustered columns, and expand
 Their slender arms. Like olive-plants they stand,
 Each answering each, in home's soft sympathies,
 Sisters and brothers. At the Altar sighs
 Parental fondness, and with anxious hand
 Tenders its offering of young vows and prayers.
 The same and not the same, go where I will,
 The vision beams!—ten thousand shrines, all one.
 Dear fertile soil! what foreign culture bears
 Such fruit? And I through distant climes may run
 My weary round, yet miss thy likeness still.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

ARE these the tracks of some unearthly Friend,
His foot-prints, and his vesture-skirts of light,
Who, as I talk with men, conforms aright
Their sympathetic words, or deeds that blend
With my hid thought;—or stoops him to attend
My doubtful-pleading grief; or blunts the might
Of ill I see not;—or in dreams of night
Figures the scope in which what is will end?
Were I Christ's own, then fitly might I call
That vision real; for to me the thoughtful mind
That walks with Him, He half unveils His face;
But when on common men such shadows fall,
These dare not make their own the gifts they find,
Yet, not all hopeless, eye His boundless grace.

WHEN I look back upon my former race,
Seasons I see, at which the Inward Ray
More brightly burned, or guided some new way;
Truth, in its wealthier scene and nobler space
Given for my eye to range, and feet to trace;
And next I mark, 'twas trial did convey,
Or grief, or pain, or strange eventful day,
To my tormented soul such larger grace.
So now, whene'er, in journeying on, I feel
The shadow of the Providential Hand,
Deep breathless stirrings shoot across my breast,
Searching to know what He will now reveal,
What sin uncloak, what stricter rule command,
And girding me to work His full behest.

ORIGEN.

INTO God's word as in a palace fair
Thou leadest on and on, while still beyond
Each chamber, touched by holy Wisdom's wand,
Another opes more beautiful and rare,
And thou in each art kneeling down in prayer,
From link to link of that mysterious bond
Seeking for Christ; but oh! I fear thy fond
And beautiful torch that with so bright a glare
Lighteth up all things, lest the heaven-lit brand
Of thy serene Philosophy divine
Should take the colourings of earthly thought,
And I, by their sweet images o'erwrought,
Led by weak Fancy should let go Truth's hand,
And miss the way into the inner shrine.

BASIL.

BEAUTIFUL flowers round Wisdom's secret well,
Deep holy thoughts of penitential lore,
But dressed with images from Nature's store,
Handmaid of Piety. Like thine own cell
By Pontic mountain wilds and shaggy fell,
Great Basil! there, within thy lonely door,
Watching and Fast and Prayer and Penance dwell,
And sternly-nursed Affections heavenward soar.
Without are setting suns and summer skies,
Ravine, rock, wood and fountain melodies;
And Earth and Heaven, holding communion sweet,
Teem with wild beauty. Such thy calm retreat,
Blest Saint! and of thyself an emblem meet,
All fair without, within all stern and wise.

CLEMENT.

METHOUGHT I saw a face divinely fair,
 With nought of earthly passion ; the mild beam
 Of whose bright eye did in mute converse seem
 With other countenances, and they were
 Gazing on her made beautiful. Their theme
 Was One that had gone up the heavenly stair,
 And left a fragrance on this lower air,
 The contemplation of His Love Supreme.
 And that high form held forth to me a hand ;
 It was celestial Wisdom, whose calm brow
 Did of those early Sciences inquire,
 If they had of His glory aught retained ;—
 Yes ! I would be admitted to your choir,
 That I may nothing love on earth below.

CORCYRA.

I SAT beneath an olive's branches grey,
 And gazed upon the site of a lost town,
 By saint and poet chosen for renown ;
 Where dwelt a Race that on the sea held sway,
 And, restless as its waters, forced a way
 For civil strife a thousand states to drown.
 That multitudinous stream we now note down,
 As though one life, in birth and in decay.
 Yet is their being's history spent and run,
 Whose spirits live in awful singleness,
 Each in his self-formed sphere of light or gloom ?
 Henceforth, while pondering the fierce deeds then done,
 Such reverence on me shall its seal impress
 As though I corsees saw, and walked the tomb.

MESSINA.

WHY, wedded to the Lord, still yearns my heart
Upon these scenes of ancient heathen fame ?
Yet legend hoar, and voice of bard that came,
Fixing my restless youth with its sweet art,
And shades of power, and those who bore their part
In the mad deeds that set the world in flame,
So fret my memory here,—Ah ! is it blame ?—
That from my eyes the tear is fain to start ?
Nay, from no fount impure these drops arise.
'Tis but the sympathy with Adam's race,
Which in each brother's history reads its own.
So, let the cliffs and seas of this fair place
Be named man's tomb and splendid record-stone,
High hope pride-stained, the course without the prize.

THRICE blest are they who feel their loneliness ;
To whom nor voice of friend nor pleasant scene
Brings that on which the saddened heart can lean ;
Yea, the rich earth, garbed in its daintiest dress,
Of light and joy, doth but the more oppress,
Claiming responsive smiles and rapture high :
Till sick at heart, beyond the veil they fly,
Seeking His presence, who alone can bless.
Such in strange days, the weapons of Heaven's grace ;
When passing o'er the highborn Hebrew line
He forms the vessel of his vast design ;
Fatherless, homeless, reft of age and place,
Severed from earth, and careless of its wreck,
Born through long woe His rare Melchizedek.

OXFORD, FROM BAGLEY, AT 8 A. M.

THE flood is round thee, but thy towers as yet
 Are safe, and clear as by a summer's sea
 Pierce the calm morning mist, serene and free,
 To point in silence heavenward. There are met
 Thy foster children ;—there in order set
 Their nursing fathers, sworn to Heaven and Thee,
 (An oath renewed this hour on bended knee,)
 Ne'er to betray their mother nor forget.—
 Lo! on the top of each ærial spire
 What seems a star by day so high and bright,
 It quivers from afar in golden light :
 But 'tis a form of earth, though touched with fire
 Celestial, raised in other days to tell
 How, when they tired of prayer, Apostles fell.

RESIGNATION.

It is enough a little, friend most dear,
 After long interval and far between ;
 It is enough a little to have seen,
 And have been with thee ; thence the weary year,
 Like a fresh wreath doth the remembrance wear,
 For longer absence which must intervene,
 And longer solitude. Spots fresh and green,
 Whose breath doth long with recollection cheer,
 And cheer with hope, with hope which thence hath won
 New thoughts—more gladly on my race to run,
 That we may surer meet to part no more
 With Him who was to them of Bethany
 As more than brother : to His feet may flee
 The o'erflowing heart, and silent there adore.

THE END.



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